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CHRISTMAS PRAISES

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

GEORGE E. ACKERMAN

BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1912

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TO
MY FORMER STUDENTS
AND PARISHIONERS
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
WITH LOVING REMEMBRANCES

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PREFACE

The writing of poetry has been to me a positive delight ever since my schoolboy days. The verses contained in this book stirred my heart in their origin and brought to me some new visions of Truth and Beauty; hence I send them forth with an earnest prayer that they may bless and brighten other lives.

G. E. A.

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CHRISTMAS PRAISES

Prince of Peace, whom angels worship,
Unto Thee, our praise we bring;
Hearts o'erflow with glad rejoicing,
As thy wondrous love we sing.

Measureless Thy loving favor,—
Fathomless Thy boundless grace,—
How can mortals voice their praises
To Thee,—Saviour of our race!

Son of God and son of Joseph,
Manger-born and Heaven-born,
Glory-crowned and angel-worshiped,
Thou didst infant life adorn.

Children sing Thy wondrous childhood,
Mothers worship at Thy shrine,
See in frailest infant mortals
Traces of the Life Divine.

Hail we all, our loving Saviour
At this gladsome Christmas time,
Pledging lives of true devotion
To a Master all sublime.

THE GLAD MESSAGE

FAR o'er the plains of Bethlehem
Shone out the star of light;
Proclaimed the voice of angel bands
The day of Judah's might.

"On earth good will to men" they sang,
Good will and peace and love;
Our hearts to-day take up the song,
Our souls are borne above.

'Twas love that brought our Saviour down
To give us all our joy;
What nobler theme can fill our thought
Or praise our tongues employ?

O for such praise let angel choirs
On this glad morn unite!
And all the sons of men rejoice
To live,—and love the Right.

THE SAVIOUR KING

Praise we now the name of Jesus,
Who has come our toil to share;
Praise Him with our hearts and voices,
Praise Him in both song and prayer.

CHORUS:

Blessed praise!
Children sing!
Glory to our Saviour King.

O we love the name of Jesus!
Born to be our Saviour King;
Born to bring us joy and gladness,
Born to full salvation bring.

CHORUS:

Evermore, O children sing it!
Evermore, ye aged hear!
Joy on earth and joy in Heaven.
Angels now are hov'ring near.

CHORUS:

Let our hearts be filled with gladness,
On this happy Christmas day;
Raise your voices, sound God's praises,
We may now rejoice alway.

NATAL JOYS

Stillness reigns o'er all the land,
Pulsing life no voices hath;
Hushed is e'en the tongue of love,
Stilled the rage of human wrath.

Bursts upon the midnight air
Voices strange to mortal ears;
Vibrant all yon starry worlds,
Banished be earth's bitter tears.

Strife to peace shall now give place,
Filled be earth with holy joy,
Hate be by good will dethroned;
Love be pure, without alloy.

Blessed Babe, in manger born!
Heaven stoops thy name to praise;
Angels tune their loftiest songs,
Loud their hallelujahs raise.

We, with them in glad refrain
Join to praise the Holy One,
Celebrate the natal day,
Hail the birth of God's own Son.

EASTER TRIUMPH

Hail to Christ, the risen Lord!
Hail to Jesus, Saviour King!
Son of Mary; Son of God,
Thanks and praise to Thee we bring.

Cherubim and seraphim
Join to praise His glorious Name:
Saints on earth, and saints in Heav'n
Spread abroad His matchless fame.

Easter joy all hearts doth fill,
Welling forth in triumph song;
Easter praise all bosoms thrill,
Shouting vict'ry over wrong.

Earth redeemed shall know the Lord,
Heathen nations own his sway;
Millions blinded now by sin
See the light of Easter day!

SING TO HIS PRAISE

O! JOY of the Christian heart! Jesus hath ris'n!
Yea! burst are the bands of death! opened the prison;
Triumphant o'er all His foes, stands He at last,
Now crowned with the victor's crown, all sorrows past.

CHORUS:

O! sing to His praise to-day,
Sing to His praise to-day,
Sing to His praise to-day,
Sing to His praise!

O! joy to the ransomed throng! washed in the blood,
Which flowed for their cleansing in Calvary's flood,
That now Christ is risen,—those cruel wounds healed,
Redemption's completed and Death's law repealed.

CHORUS:

O! Jesus, thou Lamb of God, glorified now!
The thorns changed to diadems on Thy fair brow;
With hearts overflowing we praise Thee to-day,
Exultant in spirit, rejoicing alway!

CHORUS:

CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY

Listen to the wondrous story!
Christ is ris'n indeed to-day,
Filled are all the realms of glory,
Death's stern power has lost its sway.
"Christ is risen,
Christ is ris'n indeed to-day!"

Hail! ye messengers of morning,
Coming from the Saviour's tomb,
Glory-light your brow adorning,
What has scattered all your gloom?
"Christ is risen,
Christ is ris'n indeed to-day!"

"Christ is risen"—wondrous story!
Ever fresh through ages past,
Growing grander in its glory,
Each year dearer than the last.
"Christ is risen,
Christ is ris'n indeed to-day!"

Tell it out! as here ye gather,
Vie with angels as they sing,
Christ is now with God the Father,
List'ning to the praise you bring.
"Christ is risen,
Christ is ris'n indeed to-day!"

EASTER PRAISE

Let ceaseless praise to God be giv'n,
For Jesus' natal morn!
With praise the echoing skies were riv'n,
When Christ the Lord was born.

The morning stars together sang,
All heaven with praise was filled;
All earth with hallelujahs rang,
All hearts with rapture thrilled.

But on this day, that saw Him rise
Triumphant over Death,
Our praise should rend the vaulted skies,
Employing every breath.

Shout hallelujah to our King!
The grave hath lost its power!
Deprived is Death of every sting,
His *shades* seem fairest bower.

JOY IN THE RESURRECTION

O THAT the joy of Christian hearts,
Throughout the world on this glad morn
Could find a fitting voice!
'Twould speak the beauty of our Lord,
And so extol the Saints reward,
The world would own our choice.

'Twould speak of Jesus glorified,
Who once,—for all the race hath died,
From sin to set us free;
'Twould tell of endless glories there,
Where Christ, with all His saints shall share
Rich joys eternally!

O Jesus! Master! Risen Lord!
May all our hearts with one accord
Well forth anew to Thee;—
May all our lives Thy graces show
So clearly,—all the world shall know—
We long with Christ to be.

EASTER MORN

O FAIREST morn! O glorious day!
That saw the Christ arise,
Triumphant o'er the gates of death,
Ascending to the skies!

Glad Easter morn; thy light divine
Bids darkness flee away.
That empty tomb, with angel guards,
Proclaims a holy day.

O risen Saviour—Master—Lord!
How gladly unto THEE
Our lives we dedicate anew,
Forever Thine to be!

Thine would we be in service free,
Thine in our heart's best love,
Thine when, with work on earth all done,
Thou callest us above.

BEYOND THE SHINING PORTALS

WHAT blessed visions faith can see,
Beyond the shining portals!
Where Christ now reigns eternally,
Beyond the shining portals!
O there our joys all center,
Our Saviour bids us enter.
In Him our joys all center,
Beyond the shining portals.

CHORUS:

We'll shout hozanna to our Lord!
O'er sin and death victorious!
All sin and sorrow are unknown
Beyond the shining portals.

Our loved ones are with Christ the Lord,
Beyond the shining portals!
They share with Him the saint's reward,
Beyond the shining portals!
They tell redemption's story,
Won from the cross so gory,
And sing the songs of glory
Beyond the shining portals.

CHORUS:

In golden streets and mansions fair
Beyond the shining portals,
We soon our robes of white shall wear
Beyond the shining portals,
And Heaven's arches ringing
Shall echo with our singing
In praise of our home bringing,
Beyond the shining portals.

CHORUS:

CHRISTMAS SERMON

Luke ii, 14.

As all our hearts these many weeks have turned
To Christmas time with rare and hallowed joy
How oft has come the question to our thought
"What worthy service can we render Him,
Who gave His Son to save us from our sin?
What off'ring meet our gratitude t' express
For pardoned sin and purchased right to Heaven?
For bliss on earth and purer bliss above;
For lives of faith upon the Son of God;
For lives of faith and lives of holy love?"
These questions have arisen from year to year,
Through all our lives as Christmas has drawn nigh;
But *this* year, number Nineteen Hundred Ten
Brings to our thought not merely advent joys,
But Resurrection joys and light as well,
For—Sunday morn, the morn when from the tomb
Came forth our Risen Lord and Saviour-King—
Is Christmas morn—a morn for worship meet
Our Saviour's love to own and praise declare.

I

Come we then with hearts of gladness,
Hearts o'erflowing tow'rd our Lord;
Banish ev'ry thought of sadness;
Praise Him from His Holy Word.

Christmas trees and Christmas greetings
May express our common joy,
But this day a holier meeting,
Holier themes our tongues employ.

Hallowed be our hearts and voices!
Meet we in God's house to-day,
Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!
Teach us in our joy to pray.

Joyful prayer, with heart uplifted,
Prayerful joy with humble heart,
Give us grace for perfect worship,
May each member bear a part.

To God's word I now invite you,
Luke the Second,—verse,—fourteen,
Hoping from it to learn lessons
Of our Christ to us unseen.

II

Where shepherds watched their flocks by
night
On Judah's rugged plain,
Angelic choirs burst forth in song,
And woke the glad refrain,—

To God be highest glory given;
On earth good will to men,
Good will to men, and peace untold
Beyond man's highest ken.

That song which rang through Bethlehem
Reverberates e'en now
Throughout the world on this glad day
With mingled prayer and vow.

'Tis voiced in many a lowly home,
Where love,—contentment makes,
The gift of gifts, outweighing all,
True gratitude awakes.—

A song of praise wells from our hearts,
A hymn of Christmas joy
O'erflowing with the sacred truth
Of love without alloy.

III

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Born in lowly Bethlehem!
Through Thy suff'rings we're forgiven,
Helped the tide of sin to stem.

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Hunted out at birth for death!
Through Thy suff'rings we're forgiven;
Praise sh'l employ our latest breath.

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Toiling hard from morn till eve!
Through Thy suff'rings we're forgiven;
Granted power our sins to leave.

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Hunger-bitten, tempted sore!
Through Thy suff'rings we're forgiven;
Praise Thy name forevermore!

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Crushing out the tempter's power!
Through Thy suff'rings we're forgiven;
Mercy falls in gracious shower.

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Fed by holy angel bands!
In *Thy* triumph *we* may triumph;
We be fed by angel bands.

Blessed Jesus, our Redeemer,
Preaching unto fallen men
Of the coming of Thy Kingdom,
How rejoiced thy great heart then!

Calling men unto repentance;
Calling men to lives of prayer,
Calling them to seek their fellows,
Calling them Thy toils to share.

Hear we still Thy voice so kindly
Sounding o'er all Galilee;
"Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Take thy cross and follow me."

Follow Me as I the Father,
Light shalt thou the burden find,
My yoke easy, good the service,
Bringing good to all mankind.

Hear we still Thy words of comfort,
See Thy acts of kindness done,
Hear the loosened tongues of dumb ones
Speak the praise of Joseph's son.

See the scales fall off the leper,
Blood go coursing through his veins,
See the loving touch of Jesus
Banish deathly fever pains.

See Him as throughout the country
Searching for the lost He goes;
Blessing even those who curse Him,
Loving both His friends and foes.

THE RIPENING TIMES

Roll back the scroll by ages writ,
Behold how dark the page,
God's prophets long had ceased to speak
Corruption marked the age.—

Idolatry enthroned in power
Led on the sons of Earth,
While pagan hosts Jehovah mocked,
Mocked Him who gave them birth.

Four hundred years of darkest night
O'er earth their pall had cast
A pall more dark than death itself
Each darker than the last.—

Jehovah's wrath flamed forth anew
'Gainst nameless sin and shame
'Gainst crimes which blackened souls of men
Beyond all power to name.

O gentle mother! in whose eyes
The light of love Divine,
Commingling with fond human love,
Not e'en the stars outshine;

Thy gracious, heavenly visitants,
Spake not for thee alone,
But for all hearts that e'er should need
The light which for thee shone.

What else had seemed to all the race
An hour of deepest dread
Becomes an hour of solemn joy,
Where pain and peace are wed.

DOMESTIC BENEFITS

THERE is many a home in our land to-day,
Where children are welcomed and loved,
Where had it not been for the Bethlehem babe
Bringing "good will" to men from above,
Not an echo of gladness would ever be heard
Mid the harshness and strife of the years.
Where is now the glad freedom of o'erflowing
love,
Would be darkness and sighing and tears.

Yea,—the "Good Gift" to men by the angels proclaimed
Comprehended all gifts in the one.
Yea,—the "good-will to men" sounding o'er Bethlehem
Was pervasive as light of the sun.
How the mists that enshrouded the earth in their gloom,
Scattered were by the Light of all light!
How the hate of cold hearts, all so deadened by sin,
In the warmth of *His* love was made right!

To the name of our Saviour the praise belongs
For the love-light all over the land,
For the heart of the race is moved to-day
By the touch of an unseen hand.
'Tis a hand unseen by mortal eye
But a hand of wondrous power
'Tis scattering blessings throughout our land,
In many a copious shower.

'Tis Jesus of Nazareth, lowly one,
Who brings the good news unto men.
'Tis Jesus of Nazareth, Bethlehem's babe;
The very same Jesus as then!
O! *hear* it ye saddened and weary of heart,

Crushed down by your labor and care.
This Jesus of Nazareth's gone up on high,
Your mansion in Heav'n to prepare.

This Jesus of Nazareth, lowly one,
While toiling and suff'ring on earth
Had not where He could rest or pillow His head,
A wand'rer from day of His birth.
All this did He suffer to give us release
From sin and its bondage so dread;
We've only to trust Him and yield Him our hearts,
And out of our bondage be led.

Yes! out of our darkness and bitterest woe
He's promised to help and to guide
Ev'ry penitent soul of our death-dooméd race,
And give him a place at His side;
Where joys eternal forever shall flow,
And none know a sorrow or pain,
Where the blood-sprinkled throng, clad in garments of white,
Praise forever the Lamb that was slain.

The Lamb that was slain to redeem us from sin,
To preserve us from guilt and its woe,
To give life eternal to all who believe,
Having cleansed ev'ry stain white as snow.
Who's a friend to the poor and the homeless, as well

As the rich and the daintily fed,
To the child that was born in the palace of gold,
And the child reared in hovel or shed.—

This Jesus is ours and we praise Him to-day,
With our hearts overflowing with joy,
Knowing well that to Him adoration belongs,
Pure of dross or the slightest alloy.
And we know that this outflowing praise of the heart
Is acceptable unto our King:
That He who didst teach us unceasing to pray,
Has forbidden us not that we sing.

"*Forbidden* us not that we *sing*" did I say?
Nay! this were the truth but *half* told,
For the angels and saints up in *heaven* do sing,
As they walk o'er the streets paved with gold.
And methinks on this morn of the "Good will to men,"
Which the angels o'er Bethlehem sang,
And morn when with "stone from the tomb rolled away,"
Highest heaven with glad praises rang,—

Most fitting it is that we gather us here,
In the house to His worship assigned,
To join in the chorus of praises to God,
And be strengthened in love of our kind.

Most fitting it is that the Winter's cold cheer,
By the presence of blossoming flowers,
Shut out from our thoughts on this glad day
should be,
And we live e'en in fair summer's bowers.

For (but) faintly can we in our church homes
below,
Or the homes of our tenderer joys,
However we deck them or fill them with bloom,
See the home that our best thought employs.
We cannot look up into Heaven to-day,
For its glories are veiled from our sight,
But enough are we told in the Word of all
truth,
To assure us that all will be right.—

That mansions of beauty the Lord has pre-
pared,
In a city with streets of pure gold,
That the gates are twelve pearls set with jewels
of Light,
And the inmates shall never grow old.
That the "River of Life" clear as crystal doth
flow,
Coming out from the throne of the Lamb,
And the twelve-fruited tree with its health-
giving leaves
Pours out freely its life-giving balm.

Neither light of the sun nor of candle is there,
In those mansions of "Jasper and Gold,"
For the glory of God and the Lamb is their light,
And His face do they ever behold.
O! the rapturous joy of the blood-sprinkled throng,
As the "Crucified One" meets their gaze,
And with tears wiped away by the hand of our God
They break forth in the "new song" of praise!

O! we love as we meet in our church-home to-day
To think of the glorified throng,
To think of the members that join us no more,
But to churches in Heaven belong.
And we love, as we meet in our Sunday-school home,
Bound by ties of affection so strong,
To think of the scholars who're with us no more,
But to classes in Heaven belong.

Then,—we love as we meet at our home-hearths to-day,
And breathe forth the re-union song,
To think of the dear ones who greet us no more
But to households in Heaven belong.

There are hearts in our homes, in our church
and our school,
That to-day naught of gladness would know
Wer't not for the life that is promised beyond
And re-union with those loved below.

O we mourn for the touch of a hand that's
dead,
And a press from the lips that are cold,
And our hearts grow heavy within us like lead
That the tomb doth our loved ones with-hold.
But why should we mourn for the touch of a
hand,
Or sigh for the lips that are cold?
Why think we at all of the bodily clay,
For it simply the spirit did hold?

The hand that was palsied or feeble with age,
And the lips that with fever did burn,
Now sweep the glad chords of the golden-
toned harp,
And the song of the glorified learn,—
The voice that was broken by deadly disease
And no longer could speak forth His praise,
Now exults 'mongst the rapturous voices of
Heaven,
As the loud hallelujahs they raise.

O! methinks could we look on the treasured
ones there,
Gathered home to the "mansions of rest,"
To the home that the Saviour for them did
prepare,
"New Jerusalem"—home of the blest.
If wishes could bring them to earth even now,
While our hearts for them tenderly yearn,
That the kindlier thought of less selfish de-
sire
From our hearts all such wishes would spurn.

Moreover, this spirit of Christ in our hearts
Would induce us to seek out the lost,
And tell them of "Jesus, the mighty to save,"
Never stopping to think of the cost;
For the greatest of sacrifice mortals can share
Is unworthy of even a thought,
When we look on the sacrifie Jesus did make,
As our lives with His own life he bought.

I

CHILDHOOD

Look we now upon His childhood,
Passed in lowly cottage home;
Where He grew as other children,
Suffered not afar to roam.

God of Heaven and King of nations
Guided by a mother's hand!
Omnipresent! filled with wisdom,
Scorning not His school-boy band!

II

YOUNG MANHOOD

Look we now upon His manhood,
School-days over, work begun;
Toiling on from morn till evening,
From the dawn to setting sun.

He, th' omnipotent Creator,
By whom all the worlds were made,
Deigns to handle tools like mortals,
Shopman's hammer, saw and blade.

Lord of might, and power unbounded!
Yet, in weariness He toils,
Bears life's burdens with the lowly
Hands Divine with earth He soils.

Hear it! ye whose hands must labor
For the meat which perisheth;
Hear how God the Son did labor,
God,—who gives us daily breath.

Labor touched by hands of Jesus,
Touched by hands omnipotent,
Never more can seem degrading.
He hath to it glory lent.

Toil by Thee was glory crownéd,
O Thou man of Galilee!
Who would dare despise the workshop,
Dignified by such as Thee?

Worn and wearied with Thy labor,
Brotherman, look up in love
To the Son of Joseph, calling
Thee to brighter works above.

III

MINISTRY

Look we now upon the Master,
Come to years of ministry;
Going forth to bless the nations
With salvation full and free.—

Thirty years on earth He's tarried,
Thirty years secluded life;
Goes He now to public conflicts,
Turmoil, bitterness and strife.

John, the Herald, tells His coming,
Cries repent! the kingdom's near!
Opens wide the door of mercy,
Bids them enter without fear.

On that head majestic bowing,
Falls baptismal water clear,
From the hand "unworthy" calléd
To perform a rite so dear.—

On that head majestic bowing,
Comes the Holy Ghost divine,
Setting to baptismal custom
Heaven's sanction for all time.

Heavenly dove, and voice supernal
Reaffirming natal chain;
Well beloved! Son of Heaven!
Peace on earth shall be Thy reign.

Well beloved! son of heaven!
I, in Thee well-pleaséd am,
Saints on earth and heavenly angels
Cry, "all-glory to the Lamb."

Thus the Lord of life was ushered
On His ministry of love,
Owned of earth and crowned of Heaven,
Witnessed by the hosts above.—

Sore temptations soon beset Him,
Satan tried his utmost power;
Shunned of men seemed God's beloved
In that dark and trying hour.

But, God's hosts encamped around Him,
Baffled was the tempter's art,
Angel ministries were sent Him
As He bade the fiend depart.

Brother men, look up with courage,
Yield not to the monster sin,
God's own son is pledged to aid you,
With His help ye're sure to win.

Well He knoweth how the tempter
Tries the hearts and reins of men;
Well He knoweth all your weakness;
All lives fall within His ken.

Son of God, and son of woman,
Holy Lord and humble man;
Angel hosts adore the wisdom
Of the wondrous Gospel plan.

Who but God could save the fallen?
Who but man could sympathize?—
Who but God could cleanse the sinner?
Who but man could help him rise?

Man of sorrows, sorely tempted,
Feels He all our crushing woe;
Prince of Peace, beloved of Heaven,
Perfect peace He can bestow.

Riches of the earth He hath none;
Hath not where to lay His head;
Raiment coarse that form enfoldeth,
Waiteth he for daily bread.

Yet, He maketh many wealthy
With the gold no thieves entice,
Gives to all who love and trust Him,
Treasures far above all price.

Who, in all His life of serving,
Ever passed He idly by?
Where was ever want or suff'ring
That drew not the Master nigh?

Here the leper asks for cleansing,
There the blind man longs for sight,
Yonder death has claimed his victim,
Casting o'er the home his blight.

"Asks for cleansing," and in freshness
Courses forth life's tide again;—
"Longs for sight" and lo! the longing
Turns to vision clear and plain.

Death gives back his erstwhile captive,
Lifts the gloom, while bursts the grave,
Tongues unloosed proclaim Immanuel
Lord of life,—mighty to save.

Look we now upon Golgotha,
Where the Man of Sorrows hangs,
Pierced with sorrows more than mortal,
Stung by deadly envy's pangs,—

Bears He in His dying anguish
All the sins of Adam's race,
Opens there a fount of cleansing,
Gives the vilest one a place.

Droops His thorn-crowned brow in anguish,
Breaks His love-filled heart with grief,
Yet those lips move not in censure,
But forgiveness for a thief.

Yea, for those whose fiendish hatred
Crucified their Lord and King,
Did those lips bespeak forgiveness,
Seek their pardon free to bring.

"Forgive them, Father," hear Him cry,
"For they know not what they do,"
Was e'er such love to man vouchsaféd
E'er such pity brought to view?

EXHORTATION TO UNCONVERTED

O! brother men, your hearts should melt,
As on this scene you gaze,
Your inmost souls go out to Him
In eager love and praise.

For *you* He came in Bethlehem;
For *you* He lived on earth;
For *you* He died upon the cross.
O! matchless, priceless worth!

For *you* He sits at God's right hand;
For *you* He intercedes;
For *you* His loving heart now yearns;
For *you* His merit pleads.

O! who can spurn such wondrous love?
O! who can fail to heed
The voice divine now calling him
The Christ-like life to lead?

This Sabbath day, while mem'ry holds
Its wealth of Christmas joy,
How ev'ry heart should swell with love,
And praise all tongues employ!

But few the months since first we met,
Yet, yearns my heart to feel
That Christ to you is all in all,
Amid life's woe or weal.

His natal day has come once more,
Christ Jesus ever lives,
And here I plead with young and old
Accept the love He gives.

O! hear my plea, for sake of Him
Who died to make men free,
Behold the Saviour of mankind
Who hung on Calvary!

By all the wealth of love divine,
By all this life holds dear,
By all your hopes of heavenly joy,
By all ye ever fear;

By all bright mem'ries of the past,
By all your broken vows,
By all fond yearnings of your hearts,
By all God's word avows;

I now beseech you, come to Christ!
Give o'er your life of sin!
He waits to save you even now,
Will ye not enter in?

Come and be blest on this glad day,
No longer slight His love;
Come,—give your lives to Jesus Christ
And live with Him above.

EXHORTATION TO CHRISTIANS

O! ye who by His name are called,
Whose hearts His love doth warm;
Be vigilant to watch for souls
In sunshine or in storm.

Amid the lures of worldly life
Guard well thy inmost soul;
Be watching for your coming Lord,
E'er mindful of the goal.

Let us who feel the blood applied,
And know our sins forgiven,
Press onward with unflagging zeal,
To gain our prize in Heaven.

Let us in holiness of life,
And love all-perfect live,
Our ev'ry act and word and thought
To Jesus,—honor give.

So shall the measure of our days
With usefulness be crowned,
Our lives be filled with hallowed joy,
And we in Him be found,—

When to our home beyond the skies,
The Father's voice shall call,
And bid us "welcome" for His sake,
Who filleth all in all.

Down at His pierced feet we'll lay
The sheaves we've garnered here;
While hallelujahs swell our songs,
As we in Him appear.

Appear complete in Jesus' name,
His image formed within;
His name upon our foreheads writ,
Our natures cleansed from sin.

O! Jesus, Master, Saviour, Lord!
In all our hearts enshrined,
Thy children on this Sabbath Day
Would Love's fair chaplet bind,—

And on the brow once crowned with thorns,
In tender love would place
Some fitting emblem of that love,
Which saved a fallen race.

Be this the chaplet which we bring,
Be this our off'ring meet,
"Reconsecration Lord to thee,
And to Thy service sweet."

Henceforth, Thy love shall be our theme,
Thy service our delight,
Till Thou shalt say "it is enough,"
Till faith shall change to sight.

CONSECRATION HYMN

O! Jesus, Master, Thou art mine!
To Thee I give my life, my all,
Thy pow'r can even dross refine,
My heart obeys Thy sacred call.

How gladly would I bring to Thee
Some off'ring worthy of Thy love!
A life from sin and self set free,
A heart prepared for Heaven above.

Come then, and cleanse me from all sin,
Thy throne set up within my heart.
No earthly good that heart can win.
From Thee it never can depart.

What joy, henceforth to do Thy will!
My ev'ry pow'r to Thee resign.
What rapture doth my being thrill!
What visions of Thy face benign.

THE BEATITUDES

The poor in spirit blessed e'er shall be,
For even now is heaven's kingdom theirs;
While unto those who now so sadly mourn
Shall be the comfort of the Holy One,
And they no more through tearful eyes shall look,
For all their tears shall now be wiped away.
The weak likewise shall blesséd be, for their
Inheritance is all the goods of earth;
While for the hungry after righteousness
There is laid up in store unbounded wealth;
Such wealth as rust can tarnish not, nor moth
Corrupting eat, nor thieves break through or steal.
Moreover,—unto those whose hearts o'erflow
With mercy toward their fellow men shall come
The "mercy angel" hov'ring over them
In all their hours of sad'ning pain and woe.
And blesséd are the pure in heart, for they
With eyes unclouded by the haze of sin,
Shall look upon their God in perfect joy,
And be His children called, because of peace
Brought out of deadly strife 'mongst brother men.
If for their righteousness or holy lives
My children persecuted are, or scorned,
By base contumely reviled or harmed,

Yet *blessèd* are they, heirs of heavenly joys.
And meet it is to be exceeding glad,
To evermore rejoice, for great is their
Reward in Heaven, above all earthly good.

THANKSGIVING SERMON

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless His name.—Psalm c: 4.

PRAISE is comely for the upright,
Praise and thanks to God belong,
Praise at all times, in all places,
Praise in labor, praise in song.

In the worship of your toiling,
Worship true as praise or prayer,
You have caused our marts and workshops
In thanksgivings rich to share.

Through the budding gladsome Springtime,
On, through Summer's toil and heat
To this latest week of Autumn,
Longed for rest has seemed most sweet.

Our fair city's bustling thousands,
Rushing onward in life's race,
Pause with other busy thousands
And to worship give a place.

Come we here with hearts full freighted
With burden of our joy,
Hoping through God's grace to render
Thanks and praise without alloy.

Trusting that this day's thanksgiving
May to God as incense rise,
And in earnest pure thanksliving
Yield its fruit as life's true prize.

This the burden of our longing,
As we think on blessings given;
This the measure of our hoping,
As unceasingly we've striven.

Tell us ye whose heads are silvered
With the blighting frosts of time,
But whose hearts are full of vigor,
Life yet seeming at its prime,

How to you come these thanksgivings,
As the circling years roll round;
Is there aught of gathered sadness
In the day thus worship-crowned?

"Aught of sadness!" comes the echo,
Sounding forth your marked surprise,
Introducing fuller answer
Seen already in your eyes.

Why should mortal ask such question,
Should God's mercies common call,
Worship and profound thanksgiving
Out of heart or custom fall?

Truly spake the prophet olden
"It is of Thy mercies Lord,"
Thy compassion free and boundless
That we're not beneath the sward;

That to us at every morning,
Mercies new from bounteous hand,
With great faithfulness are given,
Cheering hearts throughout the land.

Shall we then in times so favored,
Land so blessed with every gift,
Less of thankfulness exhibit,
Fail in praise our heart's t' uplift?

Nay! forever let our praises
Gladly unto God be given,
And thanksgivings swell all voices
Till we join the choirs of Heaven.

Tell us ye whose lives are freighted
With the toil of manhood's prime,
Whose achievements ever wid'ning
Show not yet the touch of time,—

As the hush of work suspended
Settled o'er the world last eve,
And within your homes the lovelight
Shone so brightly none could grieve,—

Did ye not look for the morrow
With a sense of joyous rest,
Thanking God that e'en a Thursday
As a Sabbath should be blest?

And as morning's anxious waking
Yielded soon to calm repose,
Did not storm-clouds lose their terror,
Softer seem the falling snows?

Did not brighter beam the love-light
In the face of care-worn wife,
Merrier ring the voice of children,
Richest treasures of home-life?

Clearly do I see your answer
Written now on many a face,
Shining words of purest luster
Telling of the added grace.

Needless were it that such questions
Should to you, O children free!
Even by the slightest shadow
Ever thus suggested be.

All *your* mem'ries of Thanksgiving
Are unclouded, bright and fair,
This *the* day of all the season's
In which every child may share.

Yet I'd ask e'en you a question,
As we're gathered here to-day;
Have you learned the deeper meaning,
Why we thus should meet to pray?

Does Thanksgiving come with teachings
Bearing on the life above?
Teachings, of the wise All-Giver,
Of the God e'en you should love?

Does it mean more than the feasting,
More than visits far or near,
More than meeting aunts and cousins
Sundered from you a whole year?

Listen while I try to tell you
Why we gather here to-day,
Why this nation thus assembles
Once a year to praise and pray.

Long years agone, Two Hundred Ninety-two
or more,
When first the harvest-song on Plymouth
shores was sung
By those who through the bleak December
blasts and storms,
From Plymouth rock the previous year did
look askance
Upon the dread and wild unbroken wilderness:

By those who fled their native land for conscience sake,
For conscience free to worship God as seemèd best
To them, and rear their children in His Holy fear;
By those who'd felt the living presence of their God
Mid ocean's perils, pestilence, and savage hate;

And who had never disappointed been by Him:
By those who'd gladly suffered loss of all things prized
By common men, that they might gain the treasures rich,
Which for the faithful are in Heaven's garner stored;—

By *these* the first Thanksgiving Day in our own land
Was in due form observed, and hearts in thankfulness
Most fervent, most devout, I ween, poured forth in prayer
And adoration meet the burden of their joy.
From that year forth on to the time when, shaking off
The bonds of British servitude, the fair young queen

Of Liberty stood forth, asserting sovereign
right,
God given and to every man vouchsafed;—the
right
Of free and equal royal manhood, man with
man;
Thanksgivings were proclaimed from time to
to time as seemed
To be demanded by some special act of God:
But were by no means frequent, as is clearly
shown
In chronicles and records of those olden days.
But when with blood of Revolution's heroes
brave
The new-named child of Freedom now had
been baptized;
And,—cradled in the blasts of that most stub-
born strife,
Had come to strength maturer than its youth-
ful years,
A day of giving thanks, observed throughout
the bounds
Of the new nation, seemed a thing most meet;
And that the man, who, standing with uncov-
ered head on many
A battlefield, had called on God to bless the
right,

And on the right had seen His richest blessings fall,
Should now proclaim such day for thanks was likewise meet.

Most gladly did Columbia's sons and daughters come
That day to render thanks and praise for freedom gained,
For blood-bought right to Independence, dear as life,—
Yea! dearer far to men whose ev'ry pulse-beat told
Of manliness, and hate of lordly tyrants' scorn.—

From this time forth, as passed the swiftly rolling years,
New cause was yearly found for special thanks to God,
And some one day was by most Governors declared
A time for stilling traffic's busy wheels, e'er while
All hearts should be upturned to Him who rules the world.
Yet not till once again, the nation, prouder grown
And more corrupt, had bathéd been in brother's blood,

And ev'ry home had felt the pangs of bitterest death,
That from the blighting curse of bondage likest death,
Down-trodden millions of our brother men might be
Forever freed and taught to know themselves as men;
And not till gloom more dark than Pluto's fabled night,
Which o'er the Union cause for three long years had hung,
Seemed breaking toward the dawn of better days;
As from victorious fields of '64 the clouds
Of war began to lift, did our Thanksgiving day
Take its fixed place, and claim the undivided thought
Of ev'ry loyal child of Freedom's Holy Sire.
O! how this day as thoughts of all have turned
To those dark years, and lessons dearly learned,
And to the years of sorrow, struggle, care,
Which all who nobly work must ever share,
And then along the years which intervene,
The growth of power and better times we've seen,
Most gladly do we our libations pour
And for unbroken peace God's name adore.

How changed the nation's face since then we
met,
When, for our hero-dead all cheeks were wet;
When thanks seemed vacant and our worship
stunned,
When each man felt, what, speaking, most he
shunned,
When faith was put to darkest, sorest test,
And good men faltered, hoping all was best;
Yet hoped amid the darkness, where no ray
Gave promise of an opening better day.
That hope has anchored us within the veil,
And faithful prayer doth still with God pre-
vail.

Time's healing pinions o'er our heads have
flown,
With balm and blessing wide and wider strewn.
A nation's tears called forth by nation's woes
Bedewed the scars left from fraternal blows,
And by transforming power beyond compare
Are changing bitter hate to loving care.
The tree of union bearing only leaves,—
Emancipation's fields devoid of sheaves,
By common showers from North and South
regaled,
With ample harvests now are gladly hailed;
Confirming once again that those who sow
In tears and bathed in tears to labor go,

Shall e'er return with harvest song of joy,—
And garner fruits which time cannot destroy;
That God the wrath of man can turn to praise,
That known to Him are all His works and ways.

And as our minds to these blest truths do turn,
And flames of love to God more brightly burn,
While love to brother men sometime in strife
Wells forth in streams perennial as our life,
Our lips break forth in gladsome thankful song,
And kindred hearts the joyous theme prolong.

God of nations we adore Thee,
God of Wisdom love and pow'r:
We have waited for Thy blessing,
It has come in copious show'r.

Thou did'st listen to our crying,
Thou did'st, pitying, hear our prayer:
When our griefs had well nigh crushed us,
Gave us grace each cross to bear.

Humbled are we in Thy presence,
Contrite are our hearts to-day:
Never-more will we distrust Thee,
Never cease to trust and pray.

Hear our vows O! Abba Father,
Purest praise to Thee belongs:
Thou'rt the Author of all blessings,
The avenger of all wrongs.

Again how changed seems all the nation's face,
Since strife and bloody war no more have place,
But peace through all our borders reigns supreme,
And industries the fields laid waste redeem.—
Redeem the fields laid waste new regions find,
As distant lands to our own land we bind.
Rich mines of far-famed quartz explore,
And richer wealth of soils untilled before.
So swiftly have the wheels of commerce turned,
So brightly have the fires of forges burned,
So safely sailed our ships upon the sea,
So fruitful been the seed o'er all our lea,
That willing hands have found most full employ,
And many a household feels this added joy,
That business men who few short years ago
Were stricken down by dread Reverse's blow,
Now feel again the rock beneath their feet,
And fear not Fortune's turns or sore defeat.
God loves not greedy men, nor men who care
More for the marts of trade than house of prayer,

And 'gainst the *love* of money placed His curse,
That men might fear to *live* within the purse;—
Yet money is a good, and rightly used,
Sure blessings brings, sure *curses* if abused.
And so to-day in thousand homes is found
True joy because of labor money-crowned.
And in that joy the Giver surely shares,
And opens hearts for e'en more fervent prayers.

Methinks I hear glad music rich and sweet
From many a humble home on lowly street;
Born of the gladness caused by bettered times,
And reaching Heaven's ear in pleasing chimes.

On our toil, O gracious Father!
Thine own blessings Thou'st bestowed;
Ne'er before has our poor hearth stone
With the flame of plenty glowed.

In our basket Thou hast blest us,
Blest us in our earthly store,
Never can we doubt Thy promise,
Ne'er distrust Thee, evermore!

All our hearts are overflowing
With the praise we cannot speak;
Hearts and voices for such praises
Ever must prove all too weak.—

Gives us hearts a little larger,
Give us natures more like Thine,
Make us worthy of Thy favor,
Fill our souls with love Divine!

And now as to our ears there floats this song,
Betok'ning joys domestic, richest known
To man in all the walks of earthly life,
Our thought once more is turned to other cause
For deepest gratitude on this glad day,
No less a cause than this, that on our land
No pestilence in all this year has fallen,
That Death has reaped no ampler harvest than
He's wont from common causes year by year
To gather home, whence no man e'er returns.
Our deepest gratitude is due in this;—
For, what were brothers reconciled, if now
By death all earthly ties must sundered be?
And what were freedom from the clash of arms,
From sweep of leaden hail and saber's deadly stroke,
If Death with keen-edged scythe must mow men down?
What were our well-stocked farms and thriving trade,
Our homes where ev'ry want is full supplied,
If in those homes the vacant chair were found?

If halls once ringing with the merry shout
Of youth, or merrier laugh of childish glee,
Were now all echoless, all deathly still?
We think on this, and by the thought are borne
Away from present scenes to other days;
And as a vision of the night there come
Before us pictures two of two thanksgiving
days,
The one is of the earth, yet 'bove the earth,
The other likest Heaven, yet reaching us.

There's a house on the hill quite out of the
town,
With paint just the whitest e'er seen
There's a row of great trees each side of the
walk,
And an arbor quite fit for a queen.
The drives are most ample, the gateways are
wide,
With an old-fashioned arch spanning all,
Over which the old clematis eagerly climbs
From its place on the broad garden wall.

'Tis a house that e'en silent says "welcome" to
all,
Betok'ning the welcome within;
And the rustle of leaves on the lordly old trees
Bids the dust covered trav'ler "walk in"

Thus they speak mid the leaf-covered season
of bloom,
Giving shelter from heat of the sun,
While, now that the season of sunshine is past
And the blasts tell of Winter begun,—

They seem as they stand with their branches
so bare
To point to the sheltering roof,
And any reluctance to enter its care
Meets a gentle beseeching reproof;—
So we leave the attractions of arbor and lawn,
Growing less under Frost-King's domain,
And raise the old knocker that hangs on the
door,
Asking entrance to Summer again.

Full quickly swings open the ample old door,
Most cheering the welcome within!
'Tis the sunshine of Summer from out the wide
world
Gathered up from the days that *have* been.
From out this old world did we say it had
come?
Yea doubtless, and yet from *this* world not
alone,
For brightness supernal is here beaming forth,
Such as never mere world-lights have shown.

'Tis the eve of the day always hallowéd here,
Thrice sacred by memory made,
And now as the sun is just lost in the West
And o'er earth comes the gathering shade,
The fires are new kindled on ample old hearth,
Sending out bright'ning gleams to the night,
Bidding welcome to darkness on labor and toil,
Bidding workers come into the light.

In the quaintest old chair, handed down
through the years,
Sits the gray-headed sire as of yore,
While beside him a son, though no longer a
boy,
Fondly hopes there are years yet in store.
They are reading the words written out by the
flames,
Tracing images real and rare
The *sire* seeing those of the years that are
gone,
The *son*, those of life yet to share.

Past, present, and future, seem here joined
in one,
Strangely mingled in sight of the mind:
And who would desire the illusion dispelled,
With heart in the least good and kind?
Then, leave we these here to study the flames

And interpret the visions so rare,
While we to the kitchen and pantry, well stored,
And their treasures of comfort repair.

Here is bustle and stir, with no dreaming I trow,
No vision of fancy or flame,
And if out of it all there comes not a feast
Surely no one shall bear any blame;
For the mother yet lingers o'er puddings and pies,
New England's best treasure and store,
While the children, from oldest to youngest are there,
Picking feathers from turkeys and floor.

While dear grandma sits by, gently chiding the glee,
Which bursts in a shout now and then,
Yet glad that the youngsters thus happy can be,
Though working like busiest men.
Thus passes the time till the ev'ning is spent
And the last preparation is made;
When, with prayer for the morrow, and sweetest good-night,
Each head on its pillow is laid.

At the breaking of day-dawn, as out of her gates,
Aurora's proud steeds gallop forth,
Each child, wide awake, greets the Thanksgiving morn,
Knowing well 'tis a day of great worth.
Soon the windows besieged, all the roadway is scanned,
Far as keen, eager eye-sight can reach;—
All in vain are the words of parental reproof,
Better manners at such times to teach,

For uncles and cousins and nieces and aunts,
Full a score, are expected to-day,
And the very first sight of a dear wished-for face
All their chidings will fully repay.

First sight calls them forth, out of doors with a bound,
Down the walk through the crisp morning air,
Falling over each other in haste to be first
In greetings most joyous to share.
Thus each new arrival is hailed by the young,
Thus welcomed by child-hearts so free,
And again at the threshold a welcome is given,
For all in one spirit agree.

Soon the brief morning hours are passed quite
away,
And the hour for service arrives—
Whereupon, all their steps toward the temple
of God
Press as one who for mastery strives!—
For the worship of God calls forth eager de-
sire
From all hearts, both the young and the old,
Since devotion by care in that well-ordered
house
Never once can grow dampened or cold.

From the church they return, bringing others
there found,
Thus swelling the numbers yet more,
Till the ample old rooms small enough have
become,
And the housewife is glad of full store.
Now, many a heart in that old-fashioned house
Feels a joy far richer, more blest,
Than heart of the monarch who sits on his
throne
With millions to do his behest.

The joys of the year to each brother vouch-
safed
Are increased, as with brothers they're shared,
While the sorrows which into their lives may
have come,
Seem as naught to the ones they've been spared.

Each sister has found in her conquests of love
Some trophy to add to the rest,
And the toils of the year as they now mingle here
Seem of God to have been truly blessed.

But the group of all others which speaks of delight
Is the one where the children, in glee,
Laugh and play, full of life, full of sunshine and joy,
Gathered round dear old grandfather's knee.
The group of all others we call this, for here
We see Spring-time round Autumn entwined,
And life's failing vigor, in life's freshning flow,
New measures of vigor to find.

The snowy white locks seem a glory-crown now,
As they fall 'gainst the Auburn and Gold,
While the pain-stiffened arms have grown supple again,
As a babe on each knee they enfold.
See ye not how the time-congealed furrows have filled,
How the eyes with new lustre do shine,
How the cheeks which seemed blanched as with breath of the tomb,
Now are flushed as with rubiest wine?

But the moments are fleeting, the old wooden clock,
Which for years, now some fifty or more,
Has told ev'ry hour both of sorrow and joy,
Bids us dining-room treasures explore.
Here we see what has kept from our presence so long
Her, whose smile is the light of the home,
And wonder that ever from mother like this
Any son should be tempted to roam.

At side of the board in her long-cherished place
Loving-hearted dear grandmother waits
Till the o'erflowing love of his half-dozen sons,
Acting out one of life's manly traits,
Has borne to her side, her companion through life,
And there placed him, a lover in sooth,
Against all his threat'nings of punishments dire,
Mid the glee of the children and youth.

Soon all have been seated, save children who wait,
A custom we're glad is now past;
When, "Bless us, O Father," the sire doth say,
"Give us grace for this day as the last,
Let our hearts be enlarged by Thy mercies bestowed,

Let our lives be devoted to Thee,
Let our love to Thee, Saviour, grow stronger each day,
Till Thou in Thy glory we see."
All hearts feel the hallowing influence of prayer,
All blessings grow rich by its power,
The food for the body feeds soul-life as well,
And thus worthily passes the hour.
Thus passes the day under Heaven's own smile,
Each moment full-freighted with love,
An earnest of days which unnumbered await
All the faithful in mansions above.

Await all the faithful? Nay! millions *now* share
In the joys of the home-life above,
And look for the coming of those left behind,
With the longings of infinite love;—
So there come to my thought on this day doubly blest
Bright visions of worlds out of sight,
Thanksgivings we'll share when, the earth all redeemed,
Ev'ry saint basks in Heaven's delight.

'Twas a house made with hands which we
looked on before,
Ever wasting as years rolled away,
'Tis a house many-mansioned, eternally bright,
Which faith to our sight may display.
That a thanksgiving scene which in many a
soul
Woke a vision of days long gone by,
This a thanksgiving scene on which many a
soul
Gazes fondly with Faith's prescient eye.

For with all the glad joys of our earth-life so
dear,
And its bonds of affection so strong,
We are ever beset by its heart-crushing woes,
Saddest wail oft succeeds joyous song.
E'en the homes that are brightest among us to-
day,
E'en the gath'rings most fully complete,
Some shadow contain of a joy that is gone,
Some loved one we've all failed to greet.

But the thanksgiving scene, which by Faith's
purer sight
God has granted us each to behold,
Helps to banish our sadness and brighten the
gloom,
And His Fatherly goodness unfold.

They gather to-day in that temple above,
New Jerusalem: home of the blest!
And with loud alleluiahs welcome the love
Which has called them from labor to rest.

There is many a voice enfeebled by age
No longer could join in earth's songs,
Which now in the fullness of melody sweet
To the choir in heaven belongs;
And many a hand which to us was outstretched,
As the feet touched the river of death,
While we watched for the last lingering glance
of the eye,
Or the flutter of fast failing breath,—

Now sweeps with full vigor the golden-toned
harp,
Now waves aloft victory's palm;
While "glory to God," in full anthems of joy,
And "glory to Jesus the Lamb,"
Make the arches of Heaven re-echo the praise
Of Him who redeemed them from sin;
Of Him from whose hand all their blessings
have come,
By whose grace ev'ry triumph they win.

O methinks we can catch the refrain of the song,
As it floats through the portals so fair,
For the gates stand ajar to our vision to-day,
While we long for the loved who are there.
While we long for the loved who are there did I say?
Rather, long we to share in their joy,
For not from those realms of eternal delight
Would we bring them to Earth life's employ.

Fond mothers are there who on thanksgiving day,
When last the glad home groups we formed,
Were with us to take their old place at the feast,
And the home by their presence was warmed.
But now they have joined in the holier feast,
Where the body immortal is fed,
And the fullness of love from the Infinite heart,
Unwasting in bounty, is shed.

Once again they have clasped in their loving embrace
Many dear ones they nourished on earth,
Whose glorified forms seem the better to grace
Souls to them, aye of angelic worth.
And there in the throng on the banks of the stream,

Where it flows by the mansions of rest,
As they gather the fruit of the great tree of life,
In the smile of the Master full-blest,—

Methinks we can see all the children whom Christ,
In His infinite wisdom and love,
Has removed from the trials and sorrows of earth
To the gladness eternal above.
Some are with us to-day whose fathers we see
Sharing now in the worship on high,
Who were wont in our worship on earth to have part,
And whose loss causes many a sigh.

O greetings of brothers, of sisters, of friends,
So rich to our hearts even here!
When, after the greetings the partings must come,
And many sad changes appear,
How freighted with richness unmeasured ye are
In the land where no partings are known!
Where life is eternal, all hearts are as one,
And God in His fullness is known!

O! bright was the vision we saw in the past
Of our thanksgiving days that are gone,
And brighter the vision this day in our homes,
As it rose on our view with the dawn;
And brighter by far e'en the glimpses vouch-
safed
Of the glorified circles above;—
And yet in my heart a strange longing is found
For a fuller display of His love.

O mists that round our spirits float!
O clouds that dim our eyes!
O darkness that obscures our view
Of Heaven's wished for prize!

Be lifted,—scattered quick away!
Remove from out our sight!
Let all our spirits see the day,
Which knows no earthly night!

Ye pearly gates,—stand open wide!
Nor ever closéd be.
O Son of God! unveil Thy face,
Let us Thy glory see!

The mists are lifting even now,
The clouds are floating past;
The day of days breaks on our sight,
And all the night is past.

We've bade farewell to earthly joys,
To grief and pain as well;
We go to be where Jesus is,
Where joys eternal dwell.

The stream of death seems not so deep
As in our earth time song,
For Christ, the Rock of Ages, makes
A pathway firm and strong.

And now, the gates swing open wide,
The ransomed throng sweep through,
As welcome songs by waiting ones
Proclaim the welcome true.

The last glad saint is gathered home,
The circle is complete,
At heaven's banquet richly spread
Appears no vacant seat.

The pure in heart of all the years,
Of ev'ry clime are there,
In praises of redeeming love,
With love-filled hearts to share.

O brothers! such a day will come.
God's word can never fail.
Our Saviour paid the ransom price,
His merits will avail.

Be cheered in ev'ry hour of gloom!
Yea! evermore rejoice!
In loneliest hour the ear of faith
May hear Jehovah's voice.

As earthly fathers on this day
Would gladly welcome home
Each child, whom God to them has given,
Howe'er so wide he roam,—

So God would welcome home at last,
To mansions rich and great,
All beings ever given life,
And all He shall create.

And naught save will of man left free
Can e'er His will defeat;
The vilest sinner has a place
At blood-bought mercy-seat.

O! may we, then, from this hour forth
Our lives to Jesus give;
Thanksgivings all our hearts o'erflow,
And all for Heaven live!

For Heaven live, while being lasts,
E'en earth-life, heaven-crowned,
Our homes below a paradise,
Where purest joys abound.

And, as we one by one are called
To leave our homes below,
O! take us, Father, to Thyself
Where joys forever flow!

PRAISE JEHOVAH

OPENING HYMN

Come ye thankful people gathered
From your homes with plenty filled,
Worship God the great All-giver,
Be your hearts with rapture thrilled!

Praise Him; Praise Him;
Praise is due Jehovah now!

He, the author of all blessings
On the race of man bestowed;
His the love which in our bosoms
All the year has richly glowed.

Praise Him; Praise Him;
Praise is due Jehovah now!

O ye saints how rich the priv'lege!
Mortal tongues may speak his name;
Sons of Earth, who quickly perish,
Worship Him Who's aye the same!

Praise Him; Praise Him;
Praise is due Jehovah now!

O! the rapture of your praises
Reaches Heaven's high dome to-day!
Saints in glory catch the echo,
While we cease our praise to pray.

Praise Him; Praise Him;
Praise is due Jehovah now!

ALL HEARTS ARE GLAD

GLAD the hearts of all to-day
As we join the heav'nly lay,
Singing praises to our King
For the blessings He doth bring.

Thanks and praise to Him belong,
Praise to God for harvest song,
Praise and thanks for garnered store,
Praise and worship evermore.

Thine, O Lord! the bounteous hand,
Scat'ring blessings o'er the land;
Thou, the nation's faithful guide
Through the storms 'gainst Evil's tide.

Give us hearts of thankfulness;
Give us souls thy name to bless;
Help us to be more like Thee,
Scat'ring blessings full and free.

CLOSING HYMN

Thou God of nations we this day
Have worshipped in Thy name,
Forgiveness sought for all our sins,
And cleansing from all stain.

Our prayers and vows we know Thou'st
heard,
Our praise Thou hast received,
O! pardon aught Thine eye hath seen,
Which has Thy spirit grieved.

Grant us O Lord, if life be spared
To us another year,
To work through all its precious hours
In loving, filial fear.

And when Thanksgivings here are done,
All earthly joys are past,
O take us to Thyself in Heav'n
Where joys forever last!

A WHITTIER APPRECIATION

Thou son of Freedom's fertile soil
We claim thee for our own,
Thy fair New England birthplace
Belongs to us alone.

Though nation-wide thy fame hath spread,
And all the world unites
To yield the praise and homage true
Thy gifted life invites,

Yet, unto us who roam the fields
Thy barefoot steps have pressed,
And breathe the culture-laden air
Thy childhood cheeks caressed,—

There comes on this centennial day
A sense of kinship rare,
Which those who dwell in other climes
May not in fullness share,

Yet, thou to all men dost belong!
Thou didst for all men speak!
Thy pen was sword and bayonet
To e'er defend the weak.

Thou mad'st the tyrant feel thy power,
Thou bad'st the oppressed go free;
Thy verse gave wings to drooping souls,
Caused eyes once blind to see.

The passing years dim not thy fame.
Nay,—brighter doth it shine;
And ever shall while Freedom lives,
And love of the Divine.

For,—ever mingled with thy blows
Gainst dark and hated sin,
Was note of kindly christian love
That basest men would win.

The largeness of thy sun-lit soul
Did all mankind embrace;
The breadth of thy great charity
Distinctions did efface.

Then place we here our wreath of song
Upon thine honored grave;
Best treasure of thy native land
The land that holds no slave.

DR. A. B. SMITH

APPRECIATION

Delivered at the Geneva Hygienic Institute on the occasion of the founder's seventy-fifth birthday.

Roll back the scroll of forty years,
Look on that scene again,
When he who sits in yonder chair,
Took up this work for men.

The pulse of manhood's early prime
Gave Nature's frailty power,
While love of God and man combined
Increased it every hour.

His fondest hopes could scarce have grasped
The fullness held in store
By forty years of well-spent life.
And others yet before.

Enough for him that human ills
Called loudly for relief;
Enough for him that o'er his heart
Rolled waves of human grief.

Each day some loving service filled,
New trophies crowned his zeal!
Each year enlarged his well-earned fame,
And set the public seal,—

Till from beginnings crude and small
An institute has grown,
Whose worth is praised throughout the land,
Where'er its light has shone.

Full well we know the motives high
Which have your zeal inspired;
Full oft have felt the heavenly flame,
And after it aspired.

Thou called-of-God to heal the sick
By well directed skill,
Right worthily hast thou obeyed
The Great Physician's will.

Could voices join in one accord
From out these forty years,
With voices now within these walls,
Whose home-like presence cheers,—

From ev'ry lip would leap the words
"Well done thou kingly soul!
Thy name we'll write in living light
On fadeless honor-roll,"—

And pray that many added years
Of loving joy-filled days
May brighten unto perfect morn
Where prayer shall turn to praise.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Isaiah lv, 12.

THE fleeting years have swiftly sped,
And class of Ninety-five
Goes forth with joy to do God's will,
And for His kingdom strive.

This Sabbath day is glory-crowned
With halo all its own,
Shines forth for you with matchless worth,
Pre-eminent, alone.

On this fair morn you pause awhile
Within the house of God,
Your feet upon Life's threshold placed,
Life's journey yet untrod.

You pause awhile with hearts attent,
As listeners once more,
And fain would scan Life's pilgrimage
From near to farther shore.

Behind you lie, as in a dream,
Three bright scholastic years;
All radiant with successes won,
Despite your doubts and fears.

Before you rise the sun-lit heights
Of manhood's middle day,
Inspiring ev'ry soul anew
To watch, and fight, and pray.

You wait for customary words,
For sermon this day due
From him who speaks the laureate
And says farewell to you.

Your laureate would gladly sing
In strains as Heaven-born,
As those in which Isaiah sang
On that prophetic morn,—

When forth from lips Jehovah-touched,
Flowed words so triumph filled,
That ev'ry heart rejoicing heard—
All questionings were stilled.

I'd sing the triumphs of God's Word
O'er all the lands of earth,
Exalt the church of Christ our Lord,
And speak her matchless worth—

In words so full of truth and grace,
That ev'ry heart would burn
With earnest, manly, faith-filled zeal
Jehovah's foes to spurn.

His foes to spurn, His standard rear,
On mountain, hill and plain;
His name to preach in ev'ry tongue,
'Till Christ o'er all should reign.

"With joy shall ye go out," saith God,
And peace your banner be,
To lead you forth in bloodless strife
To certain victory.

This passage chosen as our text.
Portrays your mission well,
Suggests the future church of Christ
Wherein 'tis yours to dwell;

Suggests the talents ye must have,
If worthily you'd fill
The station high to which you're called,
And do the Master's will.

Come, then, young brethren of this goodly class,
And ye kind friends assembled here to-day;
Come look with me upon the future church,
The church Isaiah saw in visions bright,
The church whose thrones of power your happy lot
'Twill be to fill, and from those thrones to speak

The Word—the Word of Life—the Word of
power,
The Word that's quick with immortality;
And forth shall bring rich fruitage for our
God,
Accomplishing the thing whereto 'twas sent.
The church 'twill be your satisfying joy
To see enfolding every race of men
Within her ample pale; one Lord of all!
One Shepherd leading all in pastures green;
And ye, as under-shepherds, filling up
The measure of your days in service blest
By constant benedictions of your Lord,
And fellowship most sweet with kindred souls.

That church will love the truth for Truth's
own sake;
Her ministers will feed on Bible truth
As ne'er before; forever holding forth
The Word of Life, and heralding to all
The world their firm conviction, deeper grown
By years of patient toil, and sweat of brain,
That what the Christian's Bible says God says,
That spite of all the controversies waged
Around that sacred book from age to age,
It stands unscathed, untarnished and complete.
The Pentateuch is there, untouched by pens
Which in our day seem dipped in ink of hate,
To blot therefrom Creation's story told
By Moses, as 'twas given him of God,

And substitute therefor a man-made tale,
The Prophets speak as at the first they spoke,
In spite of labored efforts now put forth
By many men of many minds diverse,
To tear them from their old-time place of power.
E'en Daniel holds his place, despite the dreams
Of silly dreamers uninspired. (Of whom
The last decade has most prolific seemed.)
Yea, holds his place and fresher grows with age,
As mysteries unfold to searchers true.
Midway between the song which Miriam sang,
And that which angels hymned o'er Bethlehem,
The son of Jesse, as in ancient days,
Stirs with his songs Divine all human hearts.
Destructive critics, with their doleful groans,
May yet remain in that fair golden morn,
And, groveling deep mid murky noisome fogs,
May arrogate high-sounding, lofty names,
The while they fail to catch the golden gleams
From scholarship which truly "higher" is,
And blunder on in blindness self-imposed.
The Gospels then, as now, will number four,
Synoptics by Johanine buttressed be.
Epistles, twenty-one in number still
Will follow Acts, and Revelation close
What Genesis in majesty begins.
In unity complete our Bible then
As now shall stand; its authors various,

Its themes complex, its range world-wide, diverse;
Yet all by bands indissoluble joined:
While those who've hawked at, torn, and striv'n to rend,
Will then, as now, be found most valiantly
Assailing one another's theories,
Or striving hard some battered hulk to float,
Which well-aimed shots from Gospel guns have sunk.
That future church, to which ye forth shall go
In peace, and he led out in sacred joy,
Shall likewise love a pure Theology.
No man-made doctrines, suiting carnal minds,
Within that faith-filled church will cherished be.
Her scholars wise will scorn to blunt the truth,
Because, forsooth, its keen Damascus blade
Seems merciless 'gainst unrepented sin.
Will scorn to fashion doctrines built on hopes
Not Scripture-born, but having their sole root
In fallen nature unregenerate.
Will scorn to lull men's consciences to sleep
By writing of environment and birth
So smoothly, gently, sweetly, soothingly,
That he who reads, and wishes in his heart
To be of all responsibility
Relieved, can easily believe himself
The creature of heredity and Fate,

E'erwhile the thunders of God's law have
ceased,
And only Nature's lullabys are heard.
Will scorn to teach that Christ on Calvary
Was only man, that when in faith we sing—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

'Tis merely faith-filled fancy at the best,
For He who shed His blood upon the cross
Was not Immanuel—no God was there.
'Twas human agony alone which caused
The earth to quake, and rent the veil in twain.
Will scorn to thus emasculate and mar
Our grand Theology.
Her scholars wise will state the doctrines of
The Christian Faith in terms so clear and
bold,
That he who runs may read, while he who delves
Will find God's adamant beneath each one.
All growth in human thought, all progress
made
In ev'ry field of science known to man,
Will but enlarge Theology's domain,
And prove her that which e'er she's claimed to
be:
The science of all worthy sciences.
O! hear me, ye who go to serve with voice
And pen, the church our faith-filled vision sees!

Let all your hearts leap forth with joy, as now
Ye think how into Christian coffers ye
Shall bring the gold of truth from ev'ry mine.
E'er since the stars together sang its birth
Astronomy has spelled in words of fadeless light
Jehovah's name, and called Him "Lord of Earth."
The rocks primeval, to our earnest search,
Unfold fair pages, writ by pen that moved
Too slow to errors make,—fair pages filled
With testimony so unperishing,
That like the adamant on which 'twas writ
No lapse of years can ever it erase.
These rocks primeval far outmeasured are,
In satisfying revelations made
By those which speak of man's antiquity,
While buried cities, monuments and tombs
Are pouring forth confirmatory truth,
In streams which seem exhaustless in their flow.
For these and all the golden truths now gleaned
We thankful are, and praise Jehovah's name.
But ye shall delve in even deeper mines,
Shall soar to yet sublimer realms of truth,
Shall treasures bring from out the vast domain
Of Ethnic lore, beside whose worth will pale
To insignificance our present gains.

As gold of Ophir unto Solomon
Was brought, and alien monarchs, countless wealth
On Israel's altars laid, shall yet be brought
By you from even Heathen languages
And customs, now supposed to be in league
With error gross, and superstitions dark,—
New light to shine upon the sacred page,
New arguments to silence all Christ's foes.

Glad day arise! O, hasten on!
When Error's chains shall fall:
When those who scoff at Christ the Lord,
On Him for life shall call.

When Infidels shall ground their arms,
Acknowledging defeat,
And come, with humble contrite hearts,
To blood-bought mercy seat.

When songs of triumph round the world,
With glad acclaim shall ring,
All nations own our risen Lord,
As Prophet, Priest, and King.

Thus standing forth in strength and pow'r sublime,
That glorious church will of her ministers
Expect large lives, full-orbed toward God and man.

Methinks I see one now, the fitting type
Of what we hope this class may all become.
He stands at sixty years as full of strength,
As full of mental youth, as on the day
He first went forth a herald of the cross;
Perennial freshness e'er has marked his mind,
Exhaustless vigor girded all his thought.
Some new-born truth each day his soul inspires.
Some jewel old, each week, by patient toil
Shines forth in light so beauteous and new,
That congregations never tire of him.
Fresh thought inflames his soul, as new-born love
Inflames the heart of youth, enkindling truths
Which dormant laid, awaiting but the touch
Of life, to bring again in all the blush
Of school-day conquests, facts which seemed forgot.
With banners bright these legions of the mind
Come trooping up to join the legions new,
Till in his busy brain, no space is left
For cobwebs thickly strung with musty lore.

Mark well the truth, ye students of to-day;
Stagnation ends in death, 'tis death begun.
He who in intellect would live must grow.
No rust so deadly as the rust of mind.

No sluggard-moth so deeply, foully gnaws.
Beware! lest having polished well the blade,
Ye fail to keep it bright by constant use;
Lest having treasured up, in storehouse of
The brain, most costly fabrics,—woven in
The loom of mind with priceless toil and pains,
Ye fail to bring them forth to light and warmth
By well-timed use.
Progression marks the age in which we live.
Progression doubly grand shall mark the years
Which lie within the cent'ry soon to dawn,
And he who holds the lamp Divine aloft,
Should ever be the foremost in the van,—
For truth is God's, and all God's truth is one.
No conflict here; no fear of rivalry.
The rivalries are men's; not God's and Truth's.
The conflicts all are Earth-born, of the earth.
None push the car of progress forth so fast,
As those whose minds are staid on nature's God,
Whose feet directed are by light Divine.
No science moves with such majestic tread
Along the upward way toward perfect truth,
As that which comprehends all sciences—
Theology! the science of our God.
Full well we apprehend the time-worn slurs,
Which pseudo-scientists delight to fling
At scholars, who the Ancient Word revere,

And to its test submit all theories.
Full oft we've heard the charge of narrowness,
Of thought repressed, of wilful blindness shown
To light so kindly proffered by our foes.
But still the fact remains, and firmer grows
With each revolving year of patient search,
That he who fain would seek for breadth of mind,
Will surest be to find it 'mongst the men
Who honor God, and build upon His truth.
Foundations broad are here, and deeply laid.
No shifting sands, or sharp volcanic reefs,—
Now blown by desert winds in shapeless heaps,
Or by some pyschic shock submerged.
Likewise the fact remains, and firmer grows,
That he who would for dogmatism look,
Will find it springing rankest on the soil
That's watered by the sluggish stream which flows
Hard by the haunts of infidelity.

All history will prove the claim we make.
Write out the names of thinkers bold, who've led
The world to higher intellectual plains:
Cull from all fields of science known to man.
Then, set in proud array the names of those
Who seek for light from Nature's book alone,
And arrogate high-sounding titles grand.

Set them in such array as best to show
What they, in all the years, have done for man:
Then,—by their side, write out the lists of those
Who look through Nature up to Nature's God,
And find in Faith proud Reason's highest flight.
Compare the lists! Comparison is vain.
These,—all, have thought with faces Godward turned:
Those,—all, have earthward bent their gaze.
These have, with minds receptive welcomed light;
Those have with mental mist obscured its ray,
These,—thinking God's thoughts after Him in love,
Have been themselves uplifted out of fogs,
E'erwhile they've lifted others into light.
Those, scorning help Divine, have stood alone,
Have stood with orphaned minds; and, hung-'ring for
The bread of Truth, refused, *themselves*, to eat,
E'erwhile their followers on husks they've fed.
These have, with thoughts all germinant with truth,
Enriched mankind in ev'ry sphere of life,
Have opened fountains, from whose pearly depths

Still flow, in ever wid'ning sweep, pure streams
Of truth beneficent through fields laid waste
By selfish Greed, and Passion's scorching blasts.
Those have, with weapons forged by cruel hate,
Bent all their pow'rs to rob mankind of faith
In God, and faith in brother man as well;
Have sought to clog the sweet pure stream of love
For fallen man with clods of selfishness.
Ye who aspire your names 'mongst these to write
Must add to well-trained minds and constant toil,
A love of truth for naked truth's own sake,
And purpose bold t'adopt the truth when found,
Unmindful of the fate impending o'er
Your cherished theories by it destroyed:
Must think deep thoughts, thoughts deep and Heaven-high,
Must sound all depths, and gladly scale all heights;
Must know the mental agony of him
Whose inmost mind cries out for hidden truth,
As contrite souls cry out for pard'ning grace,
And yield not 'till the blood-bought vict'ry's won.

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Such thinkers must ye be, if ye would serve
That future church, as workmen needing not
to be ashamed.

Nor yet, is *thinking* all. The church of Christ
Has ever loudly called for soulful men;
For men of heart, for men of natures large,
For men of sympathies so deep and pure,
That God's own love embodied seems in them:
For men so rich in fellowship with men,
That, like their Lord and Master, they seem
touched
With feelings of all men's infirmities,
And freely gather up in their own souls
The crushing, bitter griefs of stricken hearts,
And bear them till those hearts have stronger
grown.
And ever *will* she call for soulful men,
And ever will the preacher's worth and pow'r
More truly measured be by depth of soul
Than by his breadth of brain.
That goodly church, which stands in yonder
years,
Will gather to her folds the multitudes;
Will build her tabernacles large for them,
Will plan her heart-filled services for them,
Will measure social rank by spirit's worth.
Yea! such shall be the church of Christ e'er
long!

Some sun-lit soul among God's calléd ones
Will find the common plain, on which can stand
In peaceful harmony, the mighty hosts
Of favored Capital, and mightier hosts
Of sturdy, sun-browned, horny-handed Toil.
Some soul, with Heaven's light illumed, will touch
The chord of common brotherhood in man
With skill so rare, and power so Divine,
That pride of blood and racial hate will cease.
All *human* plans have failed to reach these ends.
The breach 'twixt wealth and want but wider grows,
And pride of blood more arrogant becomes,
With each new scheme for bridging social gulfs
With timbers wrought by man's unaided skill.
As in the past God's chosen ones have led
The way to better social life and aims,
So, in the future, must we look to these.
Keep open souls! young men who face the morn;
On you may fall the light so long withheld,
The light which shall from social bondage free
The masses, smarting 'neath unequal loads,
And usher in that longed-for, blessed day,
When the one motto writ on humble cot,
And lordly palace home;—on toiler's spade
And Croesus's mighty golden pen, shall be:—

"We'll do to others as we'd have them do
To us, were our conditions interchanged."
God grant that thus the light may fall.

FOR

There is many a heart bowed low with grief,
Because of a brother's scorn;
There is many a child cast out by men,
Because he was lowly born;
Full many a soul, now crushed with woe.
Would swell with a glad new life,
If the children of men would brothers be,
And aid in the common strife.

There are eager hands to the church outstretched
For help in their hour of need,
They are looking to her as the chosen of God,
To bind up the hearts that bleed.
'Tis a work that appeals to men of worth,
With a strange, supernal power;
'Tis a work that demands God-smitten men,
Endowed with a Christlike dower.

THE MAN

Methinks I see him now, the preacher true,
The man of massive brain and mellow heart,

As from his throne of pow'r God's word he speaks.
No surface thought is there, decked out with art;
No thund'rous orotund rolled high in air,
Without the crash of thunder, lightning-filled:
No polished shafts of lifeless logic, thrown
With skill consummate for the sake of skill:
No theories profound, evolved from depths
Of psychologic wisdom known to few.
Nay! None of these; but in their stead we see
A mind surcharged with living, potent truth;
With truth that struggles so for utterance,
That analytic forms are quite forgot:
A mind into whose deepest hidden depths.
Has flowed so long the stream of fruitful thought
That, not to give it outlet would be death.
A mind surcharged with living potent truth.
A heart in touch with nature, man, and God;
A heart attuned to sweetest melodies,
The while 'tis all athrob for human woes;
A heart whose pent-up love reverberates
In ev'ry tone, and burns with steady gleam
From eyes which seem to pierce our very souls.
Yea! pierce to heal, for that great loving heart

Would never wound, save for man's highest
good.
His Christ-like love has lifted him so far
Above earth's petty jealousies and hates;
That self-asserting, harsh resentment finds
No nook in all his spacious soul wherein
To dwell. Nay! finds not even entrance there.
Grand mind! Great heart! How beatific
seems
His glowing face, as there he stands and
speaks!
O! how the living words, brought from the
depths
Of his own soul, touch into brighter life
The love of those who hang upon his lips!
How radiant seem e'en time-worn, common
truths,
As well-directed skill turns on new light!
How like a two-edged sword his logic keen
Lays bare the sophistries of unbelief;
While under Christian feet the adamant
Grows firmer with each well-directed thought!
How timid souls grow strong beneath the touch
Of his courageous, well-built, manly soul!
How aching hearts grow lighter 'neath the
warmth
Of his great, sympathetic, love-filled heart!
How fogs of doubt, and pestilential damps,
Which plague and poison soul-life here below,

Are scattered by the light Divine through
him!
How Sinai's thunders roll, when of God's law
He speaks! How gently fall the show'rs be-
nign,
When God's great mercy he unfolds to view!
Great intellect, well-trained, and soulfulness:
Twin attributes required in ev'ry man,
Who worthily would teach his fellow men
Concerning their eternal destiny.

Nor yet are these the only requisites
Demanded in the Gospel messenger
Whom God hath called, and by His church
ordained
To break the Bread of Life to dying men.
One other goodly talent must be his:—
A conscience kin to God's and Truth's, full-
orbed:
A conscience well-instructed, quick and keen,—
Quick to discern the right, keen to detect
The first approach of e'en the slightest wrong:

A conscience mighty in impulsive power,
A force dynamic, which his being shakes
As subterranean fires shake mother Earth;
A conscience tender tow'rd the erring one,
Whose tempted soul cries piteously for help,

But hot with righteous wrath 'gainst stub-
born wrong;
'Gainst unrepented sin's unblushing front.

Great lawyers may have lived and pled with
pow'r;
Great statesmen may have changed a nation's
life;
Great orators in many spheres, mayhap
Have won renown, with conscience less than
skill.
But never yet was known a preacher great
Without a conscience great,—and good as
great.
A conscience "great," for consciences there be
Which lack diameter, seem circumscribed,
Seem built for bosoms small, for dwarfish men;
In quality most excellent forsooth,—
But lacking quantity,—no depth,—no poise,—
Serene in calm,—in sunshine, sweet as morn,
But easily perturbed by slightest breath
Of adverse wind, and lashed to seething foam
By petty storms, which scarce would break a
wave
On deeper seas.

A conscience "good"; for, consciences there be
Which in proportions most colossal are, —
In depth profound as bottomless abyss,
In height o'ertopping Sinai thunder-crowned:—

In quantity most excellent forsooth,
But rooted so in selfishness and greed,
So honeycombed with passion, spurred by hate,
That over human hearts they roughly ride,
Regardless of the rights of brother men.

The blackest crimes which stain th' historic page
Had conscience for their impulse all malign.
The foulest blots on social fabrics, reared
In our own favored land and time, are made
In conscience's name, and by that name excused.
Men rush, Saul-like, to persecutions harsh,
Their souls aflame with misdirected zeal
'Gainst other conscientious, nobler men,
Imagining they hear the voice of God
Calling them on; when, if they heard aright,
'Twould prove but Passion's voice within themselves.
Epitome of Hell's most horrid woes
Is conscience falsely great, and bad as great.
Epitome of Heaven's holiest joys
Is conscience truly great, and good as great.
How limitless the sweep of conscious pow'r
In him who feels the springs of power Divine!
How fathomless the depths of human love
In him whose inmost soul is filled with God!
How summitless the heights, to which ascends
The man whose face reveals the glory-light!

Such conscious pow'r,—such depths of holy
love,
Such glory-light, from faces conscience-lit,
May be your blest equipment for the work
To which the Lord of Harvest calls you forth.
Nay! *must* be yours, if ye would win for Christ
The trophies fair which He expects from you.

Nor yet alone will this grand trinity
Of talents fill the measure marked for you.
Beyond all mental pow'r and culture rare,
Beyond e'en soulfulness with all its worth,
Above e'en conscience with its wondrous power;
Nay! rather, binding all the three in one,
As Reason binds man's faculties in one,
Or Godhood binds together Father, Son,
And Holy-Ghost; we place the talent Faith.
The talent open-windowed Heavenward,
The talent evidencing things not seen.
By it, with open vision unobscured,
The preacher looks into the face Divine;
Takes into his own soul the naked truth:
Waits not for man-made tests called "evidence,"
But sees the truth, becomes himself the Truth;
Yea! in his measure *is* incarnate Truth.
Such faith the highest flight of Reason is;
Not blind credulity, but clearest sight.
Where Logic hesitates, Faith marches on:
Where Logic hovers low on falt'ring wing,

Faith soars on pinions strong o'er sun-lit heights:
Where Logic seeks by devious ways to find
Some obscure pass through Doubt's dark mountain range
Faith says: "Be thou removed;" and lo! 'tis cast
Into the sea, and troubles him no more.
Mere logic has no life, is cold and dead.
Man lives,—his reason lives; the mind of man
Self-active is; as 'twere—grasps after truth,—
With eager hands outstretched intuits truth:
No mere machine for making syllogisms,
But pow'r creative, self-producing force.
Psychology, when understood aright,
Admits that faith is Reason vivified,—
The warp of logic shot with woof of flame.
Not less of pond'rous syllogistic force,
But more of that imponderable force,
Which rends the sturdy oak, or speaks for man
Sweet words of gent'lest truth around the world.
The man of large faith-talent wields a power
Incomprehensible to worldly men,—
As instance Moody, Simpson, Whitefield, Knox.
The deep reverberations of his faith
Set sin's foundations all aquake, whene'er
He speaks of retributions terrible.
Apocalyptic visions seem to fill

And thrill his soul with superhuman pow'r.
He sees the awful doom impending o'er
The heads of men, who mercy's call refuse.
He feels the dreadful pangs of endless woe,
Which soon must break the hearts of multitudes,
Who sell their souls for fancied worldly good.
The sweet-toned melody of his deep faith
Finds glad response in ev'ry upturned soul.
Whene'er he speaks of Heaven's rich rewards,
Apocalyptic visions seem to fill
And thrill his soul with holy, God-like pow'r.
He sees the golden streets, the tree of life,
The saints triumphant 'round the throne of God,
The Lamb once slain; but, crowned with glory now,
Bestowing crowns on those who have come out
Of tribulation great, and washed their robes,
And made them white in his own precious blood.
He hears angelic choirs in raptures sing;
He hears the voice of multitudes in Heaven
Saying Alleluia! Salvation, pow'r,
And glory—honor be unto our God!
His faith transmutes these visions into facts.
He stands translated into Heaven by faith,
And while he speaks his face transfigured is.
That which he sees, with confidence he tells,
No theoretic semblance of the truth,
But truth as felt and known in his own soul;

God's prophet he, God's messenger and seer.
On his strong faith he lifts his people up.
O'er foes, which to a puny faith seem strong,
He triumphs with the ease of conscious pow'r.
Such faith grows stronger mid life's fiercest storms,
Shows deepest calm when tempests wildest sweep.
As anchor strong it enters into that
Within the veil, and sure and steadfast is.

All epoch-making lives are lives of faith.
Call all the lists from Abel unto Christ;
Thence hither to the latest crownéd soul,
And in them all, 'twas boundless faith that wrought
Results which lifted men toward God and Truth.

Have faith in God, O men of '95!
Be this your shield and buckler gainst all foes.
Let all your ransomed pow'rs of mind and heart,
With conscience great and good, be joined by Faith
In holiest bonds of trust unfaltering,
And on your souls the unction from above
Will be outpoured in measure unrestrained,
And with it be vouchsafed to you, from God,

All other talents requisite to make
Your life-work glorious, in bringing men
To harmony with God, and building up
Therein the church to which your lives are pledged.
And be assured, as now we say farewell,
That Alma Mater e'er will love her sons,
And follow them with faith-filled eager prayer,
That Heaven's choicest gifts may e'er be yours;—
That storm and calm may so commingled be
In all your lives, that character shall come
To richest fruitage known to mortals here;
That many years of active, joyous life
May be the portion fair of ev'ry one;
That at the last with joy ye may come home
Full-freighted with the sheaves you've garnered in,
And hear the Master say "Well done! Come thou
And dwell with Me, and share My fadeless crown."

Earnest words may well be spoken
For the English Language strong;
Words that carry weighty meaning,
Words to be remembered long.
Saxon speech is ever weighty,
Gaining vigor evermore;
But the while we love the modern,
Love we likewise ancient lore.

Truly is our English Language
Rich in beauty, full of strength;
And to search out all its treasures,
Asks a life of greatest length.
But to him who'd know its secrets,
Sound its hidden depths of worth,
Knowledge of the past is needful,
Of the tongue which gave it birth.

Youth is full of glad rejoicing,
Full of hope and conscious power,
But to age belongs a wisdom
Which ne'er comes in childhood's hour.
Wise it is for rushing boyhood
Bounding onward, full of joy,
To be held in check by manhood,
Though the curbing may annoy.

Thus 'tis wise in our young vigor,
As an English speaking race,
To look backward o'er the ages
And the lines of Homer trace,—
Try our skill in verbal endings,
Test our strength on Pericles,
Wrestle hard with Agamemnon,
Giving o'er all thought of ease.

Coming into living contact
With the life of long ago;
Learning that the world moves slowly
Toward what's best e'en here below;
Gaining breadth as well as sharpness,
Weighing thought and measuring mind,
Training intellects as racers,
Never to come out behind.

O ye sages of old Athens,
Wisely did ye write and well!
Bards and scholars in all ages
Feel their hearts within them swell,—
As upon your fadeless glories
Look they for the thousandth time,—
Look upon your treasured wisdom,
Clad in prose or stately rhyme.

LATIN LANGUAGE

THE highest praise which human tongue can speak,
In smoothest flowing language known to earth,
Must needs come short of heralding the worth
Of that most wond'rous speech of ancient Greece,
The language Homer clad in fadeless dress
Of poetry heroic and sublime.
No plaudit would we pluck from Attic tongue,
But bring our plea for that e'en stronger speech,
Which, for so many generations through,
Conserved the work of apostolic minds,
And furnished for the thought of the young church
A vehicle combining beauty rare
With strength and vigor such as scorn decay.—
'Tis true we hear the speech of Cicero,
Immortal son of eloquence divine!
Of Virgil, dwelling in the loftiest heights
Of Epic verse! of Horace, rev'ling in
The purest, grandest flights of Lyric song,—
The speech of these we hear called "language dead."
O strange misnomer this! The Latin tongue
Can never die! 'Tis far too firmly wrought
Into the structure of all language known

To man; and he whose spirit longs to grasp
The hidden springs of thought, and slake his thirst
At fountain-head of Learning's world wide stream,
Must, with unflinching purpose, seize his task,
And falter not till from the trembling first
"*Musa, musae, musam*" he reads with ease
The most involved of Livy's lab'ring lines.

GEOLOGY

Long ages backward by the help of history
May those who earnestly would seek for light and truth,
Trace out the laws and customs, usages and arts
Of men who doubtless lived and loved as we do now,
And learn therefrom rich lessons of most lasting worth.
Yet this is not enough. That mind immortal, which
The great Creator gave to man in Paradise,
Will not its searchings terminate with records writ
By human hands, e'en though by God himself inspired,
If other records have been left by that same God,
By His own hand deep-graven on the adamant.
Such records *have* been left, and men with hearts aflame
With love to God and love for His inspired Word;
And likewise fired with zeal to look beyond,
Have earnestly engaged to search their hidden depths.
Most fruitful have they found the search though full of toil:

Most perfect has been found the harmony between
These rocky pages written by Jehovah's hand,
And those on which the Holy Spirit set His seal.
Most cheering is the strength our faith receives to-day
From this proud science, once supposed to be in league
With enemies to Truth and Inspiration's claims.
Yea,—cheering 'tis to hear the stones cry out in praise
Of Him by whom our earth, and all the worlds were made.

ASTRONOMY

They tell us of worlds that are far out of sight,
Far up through the deepening blue,
That only the telescope's wonderful eye
Brings out to our limited view.
They tell us of visions of mountains and plains,
On the face of our silvery moon,
And that all of the planets revolving through space
Are forever revolving in tune.

They measure the orbits of planets and suns,
And mark off the length of their days;
Keep track e'en of comets whose wild-flying steeds,
Seem unchecked on the bright starry ways,
They measure the speed of the swift winged light!
Weigh the worlds in their scales at their will!
Then think it not strange that achievements like these
Fill our hearts with a rapturous thrill.

God's hand in the Heavens most plainly is seen,
As He guides the bright worlds ev'ry one,
And we love to behold Him as upward we look,
In the face of His glorious sun.

The glimpses we gain of the most brilliant
worlds
Are but slight at the best, it is true;
But e'en this fills our souls with an eager desire
To gain at the last a full view.

Yes, richer by far must every life
By Astronomy's study become;
While lessons so full of bright visions of God
Would strike every infidel dumb,
If only his eyes could be freed from the scales
Which shut out the light of God's truth,
And with vision renewed and strengthened by
faith,
He could look into immortal youth.

Then hail to the triumphs Astronomy wins
Over errors in faith as in sight!
Forever in league with the pure and the good.
These triumphs are ever for right.
And hail to the searchers in tower and dome,
Engaged in this study so bright!
We greet you as winners of treasure untold,
And rejoice in your searchings by night.

CHEMISTRY

All the world has bowed to Logic
Since the days of ancient Greece,
Mathematics claimed attention
For the arts of war and peace.

And we own this strong position,
Won by years of effort grand,
Bringing blessings to all classes
In our own and every land.

But the rapid march of science
In the years but just now past,
And her steady, firm ongoing
Up to this the very last,

Gives to man another weapon
Gainst the lurking deadly foes
Hid in air and earth and water,
Ready e'er his way to oppose.

Wondrous are these nice reactions!
New creations would they seem.
Chemistry makes light of darkness,
Who shall say she's not supreme?

Think of all the questions answered
By her mute though mighty speech!
Think of how into the darkness
By her eyes our sight can reach!

Think of power over sickness,
Gained through skill in this new art!
Think of victories for justice
Where this science had large part!

Think of better modes of living!
Think of larger-fruited toil,—
Both of those who manufacture
And of those who till the soil!

Think of these and scores of other
Blessings by this science brought,
And her puzzling darksome symbols
With new meaning will be fraught.

ZOOLOGY

We love to study Nature
In wood or field or glen,
And listen to the music
Of whip-poor-will or wren.

We love to note the freedom
Of birds with plumage bright,
Or watch the skillful beaver,
Who works with all his might.

The squirrel as he chatters,
The rabbit as he runs,
May teach a useful lesson
To even Adam's sons.

The lowest in Creation
Were made by God's own hand,
And share in His protection
In sky and sea and land.

And, if the great Creator
Marks ev'ry sparrow's fall,
Instructs the weakest fledgling,
And e'en the worms that crawl,—

Our pride should not debar us
From any source of light
On Nature's wondrous pages,
Here opened to our sight.

Zoology is worthy
The wisest thought of age,
And finds among its lovers
Philosopher and sage;

While joy to youthful students
Unmeasured does it bring;
And ever through the ages
Its praises loud they'll sing.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF V. VAN WORMER AND ANNA CLEVELAND VAN WORMER.

With hallowed joy and gladness,
We gather here to-day,
To greet this happy couple,
And cheer them on life's way.

The years have sped so swiftly
Since first these two were wed,
So gently up life's pathway
Their trusting hearts been led,—

So full of loving service
Been head and hands and heart,
So free from self-indulgence,
E'en from life's earliest start;—

That, though Time's chilling fingers
The lithe young forms have bent,
While youth has lost its vigor,
Its bounding strength been spent,—

No chill has struck the spirit,
The heart is fresh and strong;
No sweetness left the soul-life,
No melody its song.

True friendships are eternal!
True hearts can ne'er grow old!
The love which glows in spring-time,
In autumn grows not cold.

The bride in orange blossoms,
With cheeks where roses bloom,
May seem more fair to others,
But not to aged groom.

The groom in manly vigor,
Young life at fullest tide,
May nobler seem to others,
Not so to aged bride.

No wedding like the golden!
Here love both true and tried
Shines forth in radiant splendor,
In splendors that abide.

No wedding like the golden!
No charms like those of age:
No earth-scene could be brighter,
Or fonder hearts engage.

And as we're thus assembled
This anniversary day,
Swift-wingéd thought flies backward
Adown the shining way,—

To where, in life's young morning,
Two hearts were joined in one,
Two souls with earnest purpose
The work of life begun.

They stand on the shore of a boundless sea,
Hope beckons them on to a life untried,
They know not the storms that will o'er them
sweep,
Or how they may fare in the swelling tide.

Nor care they to know,—'Tis enough for them
That an all-wise God their barque will guide;
That into the Heavenly port at last,
With sails all set, by Grace, they'll ride.

And as that scene of fifty years agone,
With all its joy and youthful beauty crowned,
Now rises to imagination's view,
The years which intervene come trooping up,
Full-freighted years, each better than the last.

One short decade of well directed toil
Established them in this time-honored home,
Round which the memories of forty years
So thickly cluster on this crowning day.
Yes! forty years and more, in this same house,
Have these we honor dwelt in love and peace!

If ye would know how brightly here have burned
The altar-fires of fond parental love,
Come question sons and daughters gathered here,
With hearts still warmed by childhood memories,
Though years of separation intervene;
By childhood memories which dearer grow,
As swiftly roll the chariot wheels of Time.
They, one and all, will tell you of a home,
Which unto them was more than all the world beside,
Which unto them a very Eden was,
Where unalloyed happiness was theirs;
Will tell you of a mother's watchful love,
Which wearied not mid sickness, pain or death,
But, ever stronger grew as cares increased;
Will tell you of a father's willing heart,
Which never happier seemed than when his hands
Were hard with sturdy toil for daily bread;
Of one whose word was always firmest law,
Yet e'er so gently, wisely spoken was,
That e'en commands seemed only Love's behests.
If ye would know the rich parental joy,
Which here these two-score years and more has dwelt
In fullest consciousness of filial love,

Come question these whose hearts to-day o'er-
flow
With gratitude to God that e'er He gave
To them the choicest pledge of wedded love,
The richest treasures known to earthly homes,
The priceless gems of child-lives pure and
bright.
And as blest visions of the earlier years
Come flitting up from mem'ry's sacred page,
They'll answer make you, both with one accord,
We know not which were happiest days to us,
The days when all the house to girlhood's glee,
And all the barns to boyish shouts did ring,
(Albeit confusion sometimes reigned supreme)
Or days when eager minds on learning bent
Employed our ev'ry power to lead them on,
And gratify those yearnings Heaven-born;
Or days when wedding bells chimed forth anew,
And unto us there came yet other sons,
And daughters fair, our circle to enlarge;
Or days more recent, since, the bustling cares
Of business life all laid aside, we here
Have dwelt in quietness and glad content.
We know not which were happiest days to us,
For all have been so crowded with good gifts
That, though the clouds have sometimes gath-
ered fast,
And storms of sorrow burst upon our heads,

That hand which rules the world has tempered
them,
While love Divine has shone through thickest
gloom.

If ye would know the rich and varied worth
Of hospitality most genuine,
Go question multitudes of ev'ry rank,
Who here have welcomed been, with open
hearts.
Yes, multitudes! for not in recent years
Alone, has "Uncle Valentine's" been known
As "pilgrim's rest,"—as "house with ample
room,"
And home wherein was royal welcome found
For transient guest e'en as for kindred dear,
But from the first, their doors have opened wide
To ev'ry claim for entertainment made,
Till, far and wide, "the house upon the hill"
Is now well known as "the itinerant's home,"
The Mecca toward which in earlier years,
The weary preachers travel-stained, oft urged
Their wearier steeds, assured that welcome free,
For man and beast as well, would here be found,
And loyal souls would cheer them on their way.
The safe retreat of preachers' families
In "moving time"—of all times most forlorn,—
Go, question these, you'll find them ev'rywhere,
And with one voice they all will gladly speak
The praise of those whose hospitality

Was ever freely shown to great and small;
Whose highest joy seemed in forgetting self,
And minist'ring to others' every need,
Whose words of cheer, and fervent, faith-filled
prayers
A benediction rich e'er proved to all.

O! how the scenes of half a century
Come crowding on the view of these to-day!
How has the face of Nature been transformed!
Where forests waved and only wild beasts
prowled,
Now fertile fields and herds domestic are;
While this old farm-house stands within the
town.
What changes have they seen in church and
state!
What battles have been fought and vict'ries
won!
And if ye fain would know how full the part
Shared by this home in that great struggle,
which
From our fair name one blot most foul, erased,
Go, read the name Fayette on marble slab,
Which marks the resting-place of first-born son.
His noble life was freely offered up,
That other lives might reap the rich rewards
Which ever flow from civil liberty.
The price was great. Our circle on this day

Would be complete if that fair, manly form
Amongst us stood and clasped his hands in ours.
Now, as our thoughts tow'rd this one gone before
Thus fondly turn, our hearts uplifted are
In praise to God, that an eternal home
Beyond is ours, where partings never come.

We hallow the name of our God to-day,
That we are permitted to greet
In the home of their youth, these parents so dear,
With our circle so nearly complete.

Our pledges of love are renewed once again,
Each to each more strongly endeared;
And forth to life's struggles more gladly we'll go,
By this anniversary cheered.

There is many a hope fondly cherished I ween,
In the hearts of this numerous throng,
That Time may deal gently with bridegroom and bride,
And greatly their lives yet prolong.

There is many a hope fondly cherished I ween,
In the church so long cared for by them,
That late unto Heaven these two may be be called,
To wear their well earned diadem.

Then let us, in parting, our voices unite
In glad adoration and praise,
While we pray the All-Father, in tenderest love,
To lengthen and gladden their days.

Praise we now the great All-Giver,
Source of life and light and love;
Praise we Him in gladdest measure,
Till we reach the home above.
Praise Him for this home so sacred,
Home that charms our ev'ry heart;
Praise Him for these lives so honored,
Lives from which we ne'er *would* part.

Let the tokens of Thy favor,
Gracious Lord, be still outpoured,
Where Thy name has e'er been honored,
Where by all 'tis still adored,
Let Thy blessings rich and tender,
On these aged heads descend;
Let Thy glory ever crown them,
To their hearts Thy graces lend.

Hear us for the love we bear them,
For the love they bear to Thee,
Go Thou with them on life's journey,
Let them all Thy beauty see.
Gently lead them by Thy spirit,
Up the shining way of truth;
Bring Thou them at last to Heaven,
There to share eternal youth.

TO S. W.

ON HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY,
JULY 28, 1908

We greet thee here, our honored sire,
On this thy natal day,
To cheer thee on with love and praise
Upon thy pilgrim way,

Four score and five thy years on earth;
What changes hast thou seen!
Not tongue or pen such history
Could fully tell, I ween.

Thy mem'ry's treasures ampler are
Than words could e'er unfold,
Be thine the joy to think them o'er
As richer far than gold.

How come the days of childhood back,
Full-freighted with their glee!
How youth's proud vigor stirs again,
From ache and pain set free!

How manhood's prime in vision rare
Lives once again in thought,
While o'er thy soul in rapture flows
The life with love full-fraught!

The mem'ry only, now is thine,
Life's pulses slowly beat;
The swiftly-fleeting, toil-filled years
Are now in full retreat.

Turn thou thy thought from Earth's spring-
time
Unto eternal youth,
From manhood's aspirations high
To Heaven's immortal truth.

Fond filial love thy way shall smoothe,
While here on earth you stay;
And willing hands meet ev'ry want
Unto life's closing day.

Be thine the joy of perfect trust
In Him whose child thou art;
Assured that when thy race is run
In Heaven thou'lt have a part.

TO W. H. AND ZILPHA M.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY POEM

SWIFTLY pass the fleeting years,
Twenty-five already flown;
Filled with love and wedded joy,
Thick with deeds of kindness strewn.

Years which backward looked upon
Seem but months on this glad day,
Labor crowned with visions bright,
Which once seemed far, *so* far away.

Once again the speeding train
Bears our Henry to the East,
And our Zilpha greets him there,
Radiant at the wedding feast.

Once again the dear old home,
With its throng of cherished friends,
Rises to our vision clear
And with sacred mem'ries blends.

Father's blessing still is heard,
Mother's parting kiss seems warm,
As the treasured eldest born
Passes forth on husband's arm.

Distant seemed the western home,
All untried the future life,
But that love which never fears
Filled the heart of trusting wife.

Filled it then and thrills it still,
On through all the years the same,
Glowing as when first it glowed,
Age but adding to its flame.

Vine-clad cottage, now grown old,
Standing yet across the way,
Speaks a language all its own,
Of full many a happy day.

Days of early toil and late,
Days of sacrifice and care,
Yet no sweeter days I ween
Ever blessed you anywhere.

Years have brought you added wealth,
Honors have been yours to share,
Peace and plenty crown your lives,
Health in measure rich and rare.

Here to-day beloved by all;
Neighbors, friends and kindred dear
Annivers'ry greetings bring,
Glad of heart and filled with cheer.

Glad that on you God hath smiled,
Glad that each to each endeared,
Life for you yet teems with hope,
Showing nothing to be feared.

This our wish and this our prayer
In this glad and happy hour.
That henceforth through all the years
On your lives in copious shower—

Joy and love and peace may fall.
Joy of God so rich and pure,
Love of Christ that crowneth all,
Peace which ever shall endure.

Joy that lasts when pleasures fade,
Love that lives when bodies fail,
Peace—Death's terrors can't disturb,
Anchors cast within the veil.

TO J. T. L.

SILVER WEDDING

We greet you here with joy to-night,
We bring most hearty cheer;
With love and honor would we crown
This anniversary year.

In silver tones we'd sing the praise
Of those whose wedded years,
Like sterling silver brighter grow
Despite life's toils and tears.

We'd tell of plighted troth well kept,
Of bliss without alloy;
Of two hearts joined in hallowed love
Which time cannot destroy.

Of honors won and freely shared
Our muse would gladly sing,
Of love-crowned labor doubly blest
Would heart-felt praises bring.

Too swift have seemed the wingéd years,
Too quickly have they sped;
Too brief the sunny love-lit days,
That now for aye have fled.

Thrice blest the man whose public life
Of cares and toil untold,
Finds sweet relief in sacred joys
Of home's enchanted fold!

O where shall words be found to speak
The worth of her, whose home
Enshrines all beauty, grace, and truth,
Whence none would ever roam!

The hallowed joy of such a home
Is shared by us this hour;
All hearts now feel its genial warmth,
All own its wondrous power.

God grant to you, our honored friends,
Of wedded silver years,
At least another Twenty-five
Untouched by parting tears.

And when the golden years shall come,
When age your bodies bend,
May you, with hearts still fresh and young,
Unto each other lend—

That wondrous boon of soulful love,
Which richer shall have grown,
Howe'er the wrecks of earthly hopes
Be round you thickly strewn.

And when the pearly gates stand wide,
When Christ says "enter in,"
God grant that hand in hand you two
May go your crowns to win!

TO S. W. D.

ONE YEAR OLD

Bright blossom of love on the family tree,
How glad are the hearts that beat warmly for thee!
How sweet are thy smiles to thy parents so dear,
Blest childhood thus treasured in midst of good cheer!

Thy vision of earth-life, all limited yet,
Sees only its beauty, knows not its regret;
The gladness of morning fills all thy young heart,
May joy from thy vision be slow to depart.

Round thee fondly cluster the hopes of dear friends,
Over thee loving ministry constantly bends.
No harm can come nigh thee that love can prevent,
No joy shall be lacking that love can present.

Be thine, our dear Willard, to merit the care
Of all who now serve thee with sacrifice rare;
And each added birthday bring new thrills of joy
To all who so cherish our sweet little boy.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

THINK we of the days of darkness,
As we stand in Christian light,
Think of men who stood for Jesus,
Nobly battling for the right.
Think of them with fondest mem'ries
Cherishing their deeds so grand;
Wond'ring at the myriad thousands,
Sprung from one small feeble band.

Care we not for minor doctrines,
Care we not for native speech;
Faith in Christ for free salvation
Is a doctrine all should teach;
While the language of the Spirit,
Breathed in words of loving worth,
Ever finds responsive echoes
In all languages of Earth.

Faith in Christ was Luther's watchword,
Faith in Christ and in the Word;
This it was that roused the nations,
And old Rome so strangely stirred.
Faith in Christ, and opened Bibles
Meant the downfall of the Pope,
Spoke of freedom for man's conscience,
Kindled in true hearts, new hope.

Placed men on the Rock of Ages,
Anchored them within the veil,
Gave them strength for ev'ry conflict,
Power e'en Satan to assail.
This the treasure we inherit
From the great Reformer's hand,
This the faith and hope we'll cherish,
Till we reach Immanuel's land.

REJOICE IN FREEDOM

Let all who love the Saviour's name,
With us this day rejoice,
That in all lands beneath the sun
Devotion has a voice!

A voice unhindered by the will
Of bishop, priest, or pope;
That e'en the humblest son of toil
Looks right to God in hope!

That cloister walls and convent cells
No longer hide the Word;
But heralds of God's holy truth
In Rome herself are heard!

Rejoice! rejoice, ye ransomed souls!
The gladsome news proclaim!
Our Christ has thrown all barriers down,
All praise to Jesus' name!

LUTHER'S PRAISE

We speak the name of Luther
With reverential love,
Our hearts and voices lifted
To Him Who dwells above;
His deeds of noble daring
Still bless the Christian world,
As over land and ocean
Christ's banner is unfurled.

And we who love our Saviour,
Who trust in Him alone,
Who know the blood of Jesus
Must for our sins atone,
Remember with affection
The hero in the strife,
Who burst the bands of darkness,
And heralded our life!

O may the faith of Luther,
So childlike yet sublime,
Triumphantly be published
To men of ev'ry clime!
O may the deeds of Luther
Our hearts with zeal inflame,
To win the world for Jesus
And glory in His name!

Thus working for the triumph
Of love, and light, and truth,
The cause which Luther cherished
Shall have eternal youth,
Grow stronger as the ages
Are numbered with the past,
And hail Millennial glories
In Heaven's own light at last!

JOHN B. GOUGH

MEMORIAL

The hero of temp'rance
So noble and brave,
Who led in the struggle
Lost manhood to save,
Has passed to the mansions
Of glory on high,
No longer to struggle,
No longer to sigh.

His glory is fadeless,
His name shall endure
While lives in our bosoms
The love of the pure,
While home with its love light
Brings blessings to man,
While drink with its death blight
Is placed under ban.

Then let ev'ry bosom
With gratitude thrill,
As here in God's temple
Assembled to-day
We speak of the hero
Who stood for the right,
And died in the harness
Still pressing the fight.

And while to his honor
Our voices we raise,
And while for his life work
Jehovah we praise,
May we in our manhood
Stand firm for the right,
Do battle for temp'rance,
Yea, do with our might.

TO S. W. D.

Christmas, 1911.

CHILD of the precious mother's love!
Son of the father's manly pride!
Ray from the Beacon-light above!
Shining upon this Christmas tide.

Fondly grandfather's heart doth turn
Eastward to where thy Star doth shine:
Strangely his heart with love doth burn,
Wishing his arms could thee entwine.

Christmas to thee means little yet,
Love-light's ever shining on thee,
Life knows naught of bitter regret,
All days thrill with rapturous glee.

Bright may each Christmas ever be,
Filled with great joy thy boyhood years,
Cheering all lives mingling with thee,
Scattering smiles instead of tears.

TO S. W. D.

January 23, 1912.

WILLARD! Willard! happy boy,
Papa's pet and mama's joy!
Two years old and full of glee,
Always ready for a spree.

Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Mouth that dimples when he speaks,
Voice that rings with happy shout;
There's no gloom when he's about.

Give me time and I will grow,
Never fear that I'll be slow;
Hustle pulses in my blood;
Life-tide's always at its flood.

Three years more and I'll be five!
Aren't you glad that I'm alive?
Let me hug you, pa-pa dear,
Then we'll give ma-ma a cheer!

MEMORIAL HYMN

Our soldier friends we greet
Before the mercy seat,
In holy place;
The name Divine we praise,
And glad our voices raise
In mingled notes of praise,
For Heaven's grace.

Sweet peace broods o'er us here,
No foe have we to fear;
All hearts are one.
Breathes on the vibrant air
Love's message pure and fair,
Whose blessings all may share
Till life is done.

The mem'ry of the brave,
Who died our land to save,
Thrills ev'ry soul;
Their deeds of valor done,
Their glorious vict'ries won,
Shine forth like noon-day sun,
On hist'ry's scroll.

And ye who with us wait
On this side Heaven's gate,
Our praises share;
Our homage would we pay
On this most sacred day,
And strew your ev'ry way
With garlands rare.

MEMORIAL DAY POEM

I

HARK! I hear the bugle sounding!
Hear the trumpet call to arms!
See the ranks with heroes filling,
Shrinking not from Death's alarms.

Hark! The air with martial music
Swells and pulsates as the sea;
Onward toward the field of conflict
Go the thousands of the free.

See! The storm of war is bursting!
Lightnings flash athwart the skies,
"Leaden" hail and "booming" thunder,
Can it be the nation dies?

See! The precious blood of martyrs
Flows on many a battle-plain,
And the tears of stricken millions
Fall like floods of ceaseless rain.

Do I hear this? Can I see it?
Are we in the midst of strife?
Are our brothers being summoned
Now, to die for country's life?

All around seems calm and peaceful
On this beauteous hallowed day,
Wherefore then these sombre visions?
Wherefore pass they not away?

"Pass away"—these scenes can never!
Fixed in mem'ry they abide,
Fifty years are but as moments,
Sixty-one is at our side.

Sixty-one, with all its turmoil;
And the years of awful gloom
Crowding after, filled with terror,
Terror as of nation's doom.

Fresh these scenes are aye and ever,
In the hearts of patriots true.
And this day, as on no other,
Crowd they on our mental view.

On this day of Decoration,
Day of mingled joy and pain,
Hearts that yestere'en were pulseless,
Thrilled with life are young again.

Forms that fifty years have bended
With their weight of toil and care,
Stand erect and full of vigor,
Marching to the martial air.

Backward have the rolling seasons
Carried all this eager throng,
And we're living in the spring-time
More than fifty years agone.

On the wings electric flying,
Comes a message at full speed,
Bringing news of awful portent,
Causing loyal hearts to bleed.

Warsaw's sons are wild with fury!
Rebel guns have opened fire,
Rebel hate has roused the nation,
Righteous wrath true hearts inspire.

Men are eager for the conflict,
Women filled with hope and fear,
Children flaunting tiny banners,
Little thinking what is near.

Soon there comes demand for soldiers,
Issued after Sumter's fall,
And before the next day's twilight
Brave young men obey the call.

Promptly rally to the Court-House
Patriot sire and patriot son;
All distinctions quickly vanish,
Hearts of thousands beat as one.

Gathered treasure flows most freely,
What is gold in such an hour!
Loyal blood has flowed at Sumter!
Royal might girds on her power!

Off'rings richer far than treasure
Quickly swell th' enlistment roll,
Headed by the writer Dudley,
Followed by that noble soul,—

Our own Gideon of heroes,
Proved on many a battle-ground,
And for whom in our affection
Ample place to-day is found.

Thirty men obey the summons
E'er the patriot throngs disperse,
Thirty hero names are written,
Thousands now these names rehearse.

Quickly follow other heroes,
Waiting not repeated calls,
Scorning e'er the man who falters,
Honoring the man who falls.

Volunteers! O how the echoes
In and out through ev'ry street
This "new" word of wondrous meaning
O'er and o'er again repeat!

Grey-haired men, and boys still beardless,
Sturdy toiler, pale-faced clerk,
Faithful student, man of leisure;
All stand ready for war's work.

Fondest ties are quickly broken,
Sundered at loved country's call;
Better that the heart-strings quiver
And o'er ev'ry home Death's pall,—

Than, that on our nation's vigor,
Fall the blight of freedom's death,
Robbing us of blood-bought birth-right,
Clogging ev'ry vital breath.

Here is seen in all its grandeur,
That which bards of eld have told,
How the love of country triumphs,
And no treasure doth withhold.

Triumphs over love of kindred!
Gives the son so fondly reared!
Gives the husband, father, brother!
All that woman's life hath cheered.

O what scenes of saddest parting
Saw those years of awful dread!
How the prescient eye of woman
Saw the wounded and the dead!

How, as with her parting blessing,
Words she spoke of hope and cheer,
Heard she, with an aching bosom,
Groans of death break on her ear!

Yes,—she heard them then as truly
As in after days of gloom
Heard she them on fields of carnage,
'Mid the roar of cannon's boom.

II

But methinks as I look on the months as they pass,
That the terror of war doth increase,
That the men who were panting for strife at the first,
Now, are anxiously praying for peace.
For the fields of the South are now strewn with the slain,
While the dogs of rebellion at bay
Are furious with rage, and increasing in strength,
So that victory seems far away.

Dread disease in its power holds the sturdiest forms,
Stricken down by invisible hand;
Till thousands are driven to hospital wards,
Who gladly in battle would stand.

But our own boys escape till the muster of Heaven
Numbers Johnson and Jones 'mongst the blessed.
Then,—gallant young Merrill, whose form is the first
Neath Warsaw's own flowers to rest.

Then the days, as they fly, bring us tidings of blood;
And the lists of the wounded and killed
Are eagerly scanned by the thousands at home,
While all hearts with forebodings are filled.
But we find not the names of our own boys in blue,
And our hearts with deep gratitude swell
Till second Bull-Run, in its story of death,
Places Martin and Giles, loved so well.

Oh! the burden of war did not seem such a load,
While the names of the dead were unknown;
While the bullet pierced forms lying stiffened and cold,
Found no answering image at home:
But, now that our brothers on that rugged field,
Where they fought for our safety and died,
Lie buried 'mongst scores of companions in arms,
It is great and will ever abide.

Again there is watching and fearing and hope,
'Mid the wide-spreading carnage of war;
Long lists of the slain come to hand night and
day,
But the names are of soldiers from far.
'Mong the lists of the wounded our boys oft
appear,
And disease doth its poor victims claim,
But the death-dealing shot, and the unsheathéd
sword,
Write for us no endeared, cherished name.

But Gettysburg comes with its black holocaust
Sweeping thousands away at a breath,
Enshrouding the nation in darkness and gloom,
Startling all with a message of death!
Brave Hannegan falls in the midst of the fray,
While our Wiggins soon dies where he fell.
And victory's shouts in the streets of our town,
Are hushed by the funeral knell.

Again there is watching and waiting and hope,
Mid the varying fortunes of arms,
As we fervently pray that the close of this
year
May free us from war's dread alarms:
But, alas for our hopes! as the months roll
away

Sixty-four brings its record of strife,
Sixty-four! O the blood that was shed in that year!
O! the hopes rudely crushed out of life!

For scarce had old Earth in new beauty been decked,
And our hearts with the Spring-time made light,
When the Simoom of death rolling up from the south
Scattered ev'rywhere darkness and blight.
Resacca! O name clothed with terrors unnamed,
Resacca! thou tomb of our Gath,
Where thousands of heroes fell dead on the field,
An off'ring to War's fiendish wrath.

And scarce had the shock of the loss of these lives
Passed away from our beautiful towns,
When out from the lightning-cleft war-cloud that hung
Over fair old Virginia's broad downs,
Swift flew to our burdened and quivering hearts

But who died for their country as truly as
those,
And whose memory lives ever green
In the heart of all lovers of heroes to-day,
And will ever grow fresher I ween.

O sad is the heart of the brave volunteer,
When no longer his strength will allow
That he follow his leader and answer at call,
But to blighting diseases must bow!
And while we would honor the warrior who fell
With his face firmly set 'gainst the foe,
With laurels *as* rare would we crown him who
lay
In the grasp of disease and its woe.

III

These,—then, are Warsaw's heroes,
These fifty-five or more,
We love to think upon them
And count them o'er and o'er.

For though our hearts are bleeding,
At each remembered name,
There comes an undercurrent
Of pride in honest fame.

Not all are buried with us,
Where loving friends to-day
Can strew their graves with flowers,
And hymn the funeral lay.

For some lie where they perished,
On Southern battle-grounds,
Their place unmarked by marble,
Or e'en by humble mounds.

But they are not forgotten,
Nor ever shall they be:
They perished in the struggle
For home and liberty!

Yes,—perished in the struggle!
And as the years have sped,
Full many another hero's
Been numbered with the dead.

For not alone the fallen
Receive our homage true,
But Warsaw's full two hundred,
Who wore the army blue.

Yes,—homage would we pay you
Deliv'rers of our land!
Who volunteered for battle,
And joined with heart and hand,—

To stay the bold transgressor
Who,—mad with selfish greed,
Had trailed in dust the stars and stripes,
And caused all hearts to bleed.

For yours was equal danger,
With those whose blood did flow;
And yours is equal honor,
All stainless as the snow.

Some carry sleeves now armless,
Some walk with halting tread,
Some bear the scars of battle,
On all let love be shed!

O men of years and wisdom!
O youth and maidens fair!
How shall we weave a chaplet,
Fit for such brows to wear?

What garlands rich and fragrant,
What laurel wreath or bay,
Can speak our heart's devotion
On this memorial day?

What though the choicest treasures
Of earth and sea combine,
In settings rich and golden!
All these their deeds outshine.

Then what shall be the chaplet
We weave for these to-day?
O hearts that love your country,
Give answer now I pray!

Methinks I hear your answer,
The same from young and old,
"We'll weave a chaplet precious
More precious far than gold!"

"A crown that ne'er shall tarnish!
A crown that nothing mars!
Outlasting gems and rubies!
Outshining sun and stars!"

O yes! I see it finished!
All hearts are joined in one!
All holy love of kindred!
All love of sire and son!

All love of native country!
All mem'ries of our loss!
All fondest hopes of childhood!
All! all that is not dross!

All these I see united,
And here we bend to-day,
And o'er each name of soldier
This costly chaplet lay.

PRAYER.

We are taught in the Bible the book of all truth
That by prayer must our vict'ries be won,
That our sorrow for sin in repentance made plain
Leads to prayer in the name of God's son.

That, by prayer all the good who have lived upon Earth,
And have now gone to live with their Lord,
Met and conquered the tempter who e'er would o'ercome
All who strive for eternal reward.

That old Jacob, all night with the Angel of God
Wrestled hard for the blessing desired;
Unwilling to let the bright angel depart,
Till his soul with the Spirit was fired.

Yes! we're taught how he gained the much-coveted boon,
And, though maimed when he rose from the ground,
Saw angels descend from the heavens above,
To bring healing and balm for his wound.

How a ladder 'gainst heaven's high arch had
been placed,
With its base on the earth at his feet;
On which might ascend to the glory above,
All whose lives were in goodness complete.

THE CROSS

For eighteen hundred years and more the cross of Christ
Has been the symbol of the world's most earnest work,
And symbol of her grandest triumphs over sin;
Dread sin which o'er the world its dark'ning pall hath cast
E'er since Jehovah's wrath flamed forth 'gainst Adam's fall.
If thou wouldst triumph saith the Word of the All-Wise,
Thy cross thou must take up and though midst grief and loss,
Must bear it forth as token of thy faith and trust
In Him whose power can overcome e'en Satan's wrath,
And to His faithful followers give bliss for pain.
Whoso the crown would gain must never shun the cross,
Whoso to Heaven would come at last must enter in
Through Christ the open door; for all who would climb up
Some other way are thieves and robbers, every one.

And though they reach the very topmost round
of all,
And feel the crown already nigh within their
grasp,
Still, down they shall e'en then be hurled to
deepest woe,
As mockers of the just behests of Heaven's
King.

REPENTANCE

Man was made all pure and holy,
Placed in Eden, fair and bright,
But sin entered, with temptation,
And beguiled him from the right.

By one sin the race was ruined,
Doomed were all, to endless pain;
But Jehovah in His mercy
Gave us chance for life again.

Promised Jesus, a Redeemer,
Who should come, the "Prince of Peace,"
Bring us ransom, purchase pardon,
Pay the debt and grant release.

But repentance is demanded,
Sorrow for each sinful deed,
Godly sorrow for the evils
Over which our hearts should bleed.

OBEDIENCE

"Honor thy father," the Bible hath said,
Yield to thy mother obedience true,
So shall God's blessings descend on thy head,
And mansions in Heaven be waiting for you.

Honor thy father, and honor thy God,
Obedience true is fitting for all;
Wait not the harsh word, await not the rod,
Obey them with gladness, obey the first call.

Meet for God's kingdom we all would become,
Fitted for Heaven we're longing to be,
Ready to answer when Jesus shall call,
Ready and waiting His glory to see.

COURAGE

True courage is a virtue,
Much needed in this life,
A courage that ne'er falters
Or fears the mortal strife.
Yes,—courage that is holy,
The courage of the soul,
Courage that temptation meets,
Yet shuns the tempting howl.

O! how the men of valor
In ancient times withstood
The force of persecution,
And sealed with their own blood
The witness that they left us
Of Jesus' power to save,
And cause His saints to triumph
In vict'ry o'er the grave.

And shall we not be like them,
Though not like them our foes?
Be like them in our vigor
The hosts of sin t' oppose?
Yes! By the help of Jesus,
Our Saviour and our Friend,
We'll conquer all temptation
E'en to our journey's end.

And when we reach the portals
Of that bright land so fair,
We'll lay aside our armor
And voice of suppliant prayer,
And mingle in the chorus
Which evermore shall ring;
To God be highest glory,
To Jesus Christ our King.

TRUTH

Love the truth, for truth is holy.
Speak the truth, for truth is right.
Act the truth; for acts are mighty,
And must meet the Saviour's sight.

Candid minds, and words of beauty,
Open hearts and motives pure,
Fill our lives with richest meaning,
Bring reward both full and sure.

Let us then be always watchful,
Speak, and act the truth in Love,
Though we lose some earthly treasure
We shall gain the home above.

Truth is often torn and bleeding,
Crushed to Earth by falsehood's power;
But at last it lives eternal;
Falsehood dies in triumph's hour.

CHEERFULNESS

Laughing and sparkling and dancing along,
Glinting in sunshine, and rippling in song,
Down through the meadow the brooklet is flowing,—
Cheerfulness showing.

Hopping and skipping and swinging about,
Up in the branches, now in and now out;
Hark to the birdies' sweet melody flowing,
Cheerfulness showing.

Dear little flowers with faces so bright!
Loving not gloominess, basking in light,
Courting the sunshine no matter how glowing,
Cheerfulness showing.

And if our Father, who made the sweet flowers,
Warms them with sunshine and freshens with showers,
Sure! *we* can trust Him with hearts overflowing,
Cheerfulness showing.

HOPE

Hope, an anchor sure and steadfast,
Hope an anchor unto heaven,
Reaching, as the good books tells us,
Unto that within the harbor.
Needful is it to the Christian,
To the gospel sailor needful,
Struggling on mid angry billows;
For, though Zion's planks are oaken,

And of iron is her girding,
Though her sails are made for service,
And her masts no storms can shiver;
Yet, in times of awful peril,
Times of peril and of darkness,
Hope is needed as an anchor,
Hope to cheer amid the terror,
Hope to lighten, hope to strengthen.

CHARITY

Though I speak with angel tongues,
Said St. Paul in olden time,
Sounding brass have I become,
Tinkling cymbal, soulless chime;
Without charity.

Though my goods to feed the poor,
All are given, nothing spared,
Though my body be consumed,
Yet, no profit have I shared;
Lacking charity.

Though my knowledge compass all,
Though my faith can mountains move,
Though the prophet's gift be mine,
God will not e'en these approve;
Wanting charity.

But our God, who loves us so,
Grants us this grace with the rest,
And our hearts are always light
When we love our neighbor best.

THE BLISS OF WEDDED LIFE

THERE's a heart-warming joy known only to
those
Who, joined in glad wedlock grow dearer with
age;
Whose lives feel the bliss of that heart-felt re-
pose,
Which grows ever dearer till life's final close.

No visions of courtship with it can compare.
The love of the wedded outrivals the dreams
Of Love's early morning, with castles so rare,
And gilds with bright glory life's evening
beams.

APOSTROPHE TO WASHINGTON

"Our Country's Father" thee we call,
Thou man of destiny divine;
No years can make thy glory fade,
Fame's brightest page shall e'er be thine.

The laurel wreath of "Nineteen Twelve,"
Grown greener by the touch of Time,
Proclaims a nation's homage paid
To one whose honor is sublime.

Not monarch's crown nor fabled shrine
Could symbolize our love for thee;
Thy monument is living men,
A NATION by thy help made free.

"OUR Washington" indeed thou art,
Yet to all lands thou dost belong;
For all the world has felt the power
Of freeman's right to smite the wrong.

The story of thy noble life,
Lived for thy God and fellowman,
Fills all true hearts with larger love
For men of ev'ry tribe and clan.

Let youth be glad that thou hast lived!
Let age rejoice that none need die!
Immortal he who lives a life
Of deeds performed from motives high.

LINCOLN

Son of toil! Thy name's enshrined
In loyal hearts throughout our land.
Thy loyal soul goes marching on
Inspiring men to lives more grand.

Secure thy fame 'gainst tooth of Time,
Nor years nor change its luster dims,
By it the heart of youth is fired,
'Tis sung by age in praiseful hymns.

The love of man for fellowman
Glows warmer while we think of thee;
The nobler life asserts its power;
From all ignoble aims goes free.

Be ours the task thy life to write
In deeds of kindly service done,
In deeds of patriotic love,
Such as for thee thy fame had won.

Be thine the fadeless glory-crown,
A NATION'S love for stain removed;
A RACE redeemed from bondage vile,
THE WORLD'S acclaim for life approved.

THE PICNIC

A PICNIC crowd 's a jolly lot,
From eldest sire to smallest tot;
No gloom of sky or frown of fate
Its smile can dim, or zeal abate.

Hurrah for Linwood's sunny beach!
We love the lessons it can teach;
The songs we sing are of the bay.
We'll sing of school some other day.

Psalm tunes are good and lessons grand.
We love to learn of Holy Land;
But picnic fun, by sounding shore,
Beats even Superintendent Moore.

O! who can find a happier throng
Than to old Madison belong?
We'll sing her praise, we'll love her well,
In home, and church and shady dell.

TO W. H. M.

FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

How swiftly speed the years away!
How quickly youth is gone!
The sun of life sinks tow'rd the West,
And darkness meets the dawn.

Though Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six
Seems only yesterday;
Yet nineteen Hundred nine this hour
Marks far along Life's way.

Years forty-three of wedded life,
Of mutual love and joy,
Have brought the fruit of honest toil
Of peace without alloy.

We hail you here and wish you well,
Midst friends of many years,
Who crown you with that well-earned love,
Which only merit rears.

More precious than Earth's costliest gems,
The high regard of friends;
A monument that still endures,
When all that's earthly ends.

We place this chaplet on your brows
This annivers'ry day,
And wish you joy through many years
Upon your Heavenward way.

TO MY PRECIOUS WIFE

April 9, 1903.

THY natal day has dawned again,
Bright shines the sun in cloudless sky,
And warmer glows my love than when
Its youthful ardor drew thee nigh.

Time's fingers through thy wealth of brown
Have scattered plenteous silver sprays;
But richer beauty thee doth crown,
With all thy added natal days.

O, cloudless days of hallowed joy!
How bright have been thy sunny hours!
How sweet our bliss without alloy!
Our home a type of Eden's bowers.

Thy loving heart doth warmer grow,
With ev'ry swift-revolving year.
Thy love-filled eyes in soulful glow
Dispel my gloom and give me cheer.

Be thine the bliss, while life shall last,
To scatter blessings all the way,
And when Earth's birth-days all are past,
Be welcomed home to endless day.

TO EDITH

ON HER TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

O BEAUTEOUS years! O charméd years!
Why will ye never stay?
How can it be that ye should bear
Our "Joy-Bird"[1] far away!

The brightness of thy sweet young life
Has so enriched our own,
That fain our hearts would ever keep
Thee for ourselves alone.

Nay,—this were but our selfish thought:
The larger love would say,
"Go forth O child of Providence,
Pursue thy widening way!"

Thy cultured mind belongs to God;
His service be thy care.
Thy loving heart, enshrining Him,
Should preach Him everywhere.

Go then, dear Edith, if thou must;
Assured that where thou art,
Our love shall e'er thy guerdon be,
No distance can us part.

[1] Pet name.

TO EDNA

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

From native land thou'rt sundered far [1]
On this thy natal day,
But sundered thou canst never be
From hearts that watch thy way.

'Tis not in ocean's power to hide
From eyes paternal, one
Whose life has been a beacon-light
For years now Twenty-one.

The light of childhood in our home,
The light of girlhood fair,
The light of faithful student days,
The light of love so rare.

How full of glee thy girlhood years!
How filled with sweet content!
How gladsome play with earnest work
All joyously were blent!

Years Twenty-one! can that be true?
"Pet Lamb" [2] a woman grown?
Are childhood's charms no longer thine?
Have girlish graces flown?

[1] She was traveling in Europe.
[2] Pet name.

Yea,—be it so, for so is life,
The years refuse to stay;
Life opens outward, ever *on*
T'ward Heaven's eternal day.

A richer charm henceforth is thine,
A grace which Time e'er gives
To one whose heart is right with God,
And for His glory lives.

The fruits of grace will ripen fast
In soil so well prepared;
The harvest should be "hundred-fold,"
And by thy comrades shared.

Be thine the joy of service large
To those who need thee most!
Be thine the friendship of the good,
Thy friends a mighty host!

Thus shall thy life a blessing prove
To all who share its worth,
And joy unmeasured fill the home
Wherein thou hadst thy birth.

And when the "final" summons comes
To our eternal home,
E'en there we'll watch with fondest love
Those who on Earth still roam.

Then,—gladly face maturer years,
Keep soul and body pure,
And life will fairer, richer grow;
The Good shall e'er endure.

Keep open heart t'ward God and Heaven!
Keep faith with thine own soul!
So shalt thou fill this life with good,
And reach the heavenly goal.

CENTENNIAL SERMON

Preached by G. E. Ackerman, D.D., Sunday morning, December, 28, 1884, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Warsaw, New York.

"Thy years are throughout all generations."

We hail this morn of gladness,
Our great Centennial Morn!
We praise the Lord Jehovah
Our church was ever born!

Within His holy temple
Where we are wont to meet,
All ages and conditions
With Christian love we greet.

This e'er has been our glory,
That all are joined in one.
Distinctions quickly vanish
In presence of God's Son.

Here rich and poor are equal,
All children of a King
In fellowship united
Full meed of praise to bring.

Thus joined in Christian worship
On this glad Sabbath day,
We sing the songs of Zion,
The Scriptures search and pray.

This worship of the Father,
This glory of the Son,
Confirms the holy compact
So long ago begun.

This day we're backward looking
With reverential love,
E'en while we're pressing forward
To reach the home above.

'Tis well to ask for wisdom
Of those whom age has crowned;
The pearls of greatest value
In deepest seas are found.

'Tis well to ask for knowledge
Of those who've gone before;
To search the tomes of ages,
To scan the days of yore.

Then come with me—my people,
And we will backward tread
To where our cherished Zion
First lifted up her head.

To where mid toil and struggle,
Mid *ridicule* and *strife*,
She cast aside her shackles
And rose to grander life.

One hundred years ago last Wednesday morn
In Baltimore, fair city of the south,
Now grown to greatness and commercial power,
Then weak, and broken by the crash of war;
There gathered from all quarters of the land
Those humble heralds of the Prince of Peace,
Those "soldiers of the cross" called *Methodists.*
In *simple* garb they came, from circuits vast,
Yet clothed with "panoply of righteousness."
Unheralded they came, *unnoticed* by
Aristocratic *wealth* and formal *show,*—
Unheeded they assembled where now stands
In wealth and grandeur unexcelled by few
A church whose courts by multitudes are trod,
Are *gladly, proudly, reverently* trod;
But where, on that eventful *day of days*
There stood, *not* a great *church* of wealth and power,
But *meeting house* 'twas called; a "meeting house"
Forsooth!—for pride of churchly blood would not
As yet admit that this despiséd sect
Should take the sacred name of church, or call
Their temples by that consecrated name.
Unheeded to the lowly "meeting house"
In Lovely Lane those circuit riders came.
Auspicious hour! "birth hour" of freedom born
Of war's long anguish, and the untold woe
Of thousands who had given *home* and *life*

That bondage worse than death might broken be.
Auspicious hour! for freedom's holy light
Dispelling civil gloom and nation's night
Was lighting up the path to freer life
And nobler aims within the churches' pale.
Auspicious hour! which brought from distant fields
Those heroes of the Revolution age,
Who'd borne *their* share of hardships and of loss,
E'er since the sward of Concord first drank blood,—
And met in deadly strife the common foe.
Such heroes fitted were the high renown
To share of marshalling in full array
That wing of the Great Captain's conquering host,
Which was to win the *grandest* victories
For Prince Immanuel in this new land.
Of "*marshalling* the host" we say, for theirs
Was not the honor of first calling forth
Recruits for this all-conquering legion bold,
Of self forgetting, knights of God.
Not first; for, looking back a score of years
We see disciples true of Wesleyan class
For worship met, with Embury to preach.
The hearers numbered five, an humble band,
Yet filled with faith, and love for God and man.

We look, we wonder, we admire, revere,
We hear a humble man address the five,—
We see their souls from burning words take
fire,
And going forth as flaming heralds of
The Risen Christ, the Prince of Peace, behold
Them winning other "*fives*" till units change
To tens, and tens to hundreds quickly grow,
Till fifteen thousands full are numbered up
In that brief score of trouble-laden years.
We marvel not that on that Sunday morn,
One hundred years o'erpast this very day,
Those hearts with exultation grand o'erflowed.
Such growth assurance was and prophecy
Combined in one, *assurance* of God's love
And favor unto them e'en *then* vouchsafed,
And *prophecy* of fruitage yet unseen.
Methinks I hear the song exultant rise,
As on the wings of melody sublime
'Tis borne to us through hundred bygone years.

All glory to our common Lord,
Who saves us by His grace!
All glory to our Savior King,
Redeemer of our race!

All glory to the Prince of Peace,
Who comes to give us rest!
All glory to the Lamb of God,
Immanuel the blest!

All glory to the Holy Ghost,
The comforter Divine;
All glory to the Three in One,
In whom all glories shine!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Our ransomed powers belong,
Accept, O Lord, the offering
And sanctify our song.

This song of praise, which, echoing through the years
In varied forms, has sounded in our ears;—
This song of consecrated prayer and praise
Most fitting was for those eventful days.
They sang of glory to their common Lord;
For well they knew that He kept watch and ward
O'er all the sons of men who loved His name
More ardently than worldly power or fame.
They sang of glory to their common Lord,
Rejoicing in His fatherhood and ward;
Forgetting not e'erwhile His just decree
'Gainst all who at the last refused to seek
On bended knee for pardon of their sin;
Or by their own good deeds would Heaven win,
Forgetting not, e'en while exulting o'er
The boundless sea of mercy without shore,
That even mercy must make place for *wrath*
'Gainst those who *will* not walk in mercy's path.

They sang of glory to their Saviour King,
Exulting in the thought that they could bring
To all the burdened sons of toil and sin
The message of free grace their hearts to win.
And when the sainted Embury proclaimed
Salvation free for all in Jesus named!
The wings of morning caught the grateful sound
And wafted it through all the regions round.
A new evangel had come down to men,
Of "Peace on Earth," which seemèd likest when
The Prince of Peace *Himself*, in gracious tone
Said "come to Me and ye shall be My own."
Said "come ye *burdened*, *sinful*, and *deprest*,
Come unto Me and I will give you rest."
Said "*whosoever will may seek* and *find*,—
The outcasts would I save, sin's chains unbind."
A new evangel seemed it to them then;
Yet like some old familiar song, of when
Our hearts were *tender* and our youthful feet
Were guided by the sound of music sweet,
Which flowed in melody from lips now cold.
This *new* evangel was the story old—
The story *old* yet ever fresh and strong,
The story told in proverb and in song,
That rarest is when *oftenest* 'tis told,
More precious far than mines of purest gold.
The simple few, who this glad gospel heard,
Went forth themselves as heralds of the word.

The hearts of men were won by artless art,
No selfish motive could in these have part.
They chose a life of hardship and of toil,
And took no thought from dangers to recoil.
Rejoicing to be counted *as* their Lord,
The hope of Heaven a complete reward.
No treasure *shared* in earthly lands or store,
But mansions *promised* on the heavenly shore.
Rejoicing thus these heralds of the cross
Taught men to count the *earthly* life but dross,
Compared with life eternal freely given,
And joys on earth begun, foretaste of Heaven.
Such teachings by their lives exemplified,
In disregard of *self* and selfish *pride*,
Were clad with eloquence almost Divine,
To ev'ry hardy-handed son of earth,
And came with mighty power and untold worth.
The rich were startled from their worldly ease,
And fashion's pomp no longer served to please.
The great in power, or earth's poor fleeting fame,
Saw with dismay that these alone must *shame*.
But to the poor, with wondrous charm and power
Came the glad gospel message in that hour.
Those *toiling*, *homeless*, *cheery-hearted* men,
Unlearnéd oft, but with prophetic ken,
Could clasp all lowly hearts with bands of love
Unknown to those in social state above,—

Could show to them a sympathy unknown
To men supported by an earthly throne;—
For heart of *man* to kindred heart reveals
The pang, and smart, which kindred suff'ring feels,
E'en as the lips which sorrow's cup have pressed
Gain greater power to soothe a friend distressed.
They homeless were yet home eternal had.
They toiling were yet shared the rest above.
In poverty, yet making many rich;
Untitled were they, yet of royal line,
Commissioned—not by laying on of hands—
To preach the gospel of the Crucified,
But called of God Himself, by Him ordained
To tell the *story*, spread the tidings round,
That Jesus came to save, to lift men up,
To cheer the faint, to heal the sick, to lead the blind,
To bid all captive souls in bondage held by sin,
Go free! No longer doubting Jesus' power to save.
This doctrine fundamental, of our faith in Christ
As all-atoning One, Redeemer of the *race*,—
Of ev'ry child of Adam who His grace accepts;
Instead of merely those whom God by stern decree
Shall choose, and by His sovereign will *elect* to save,—

This doctrine won for Methodism's early sons
Great Victories, and thousand trophies for the cross,
That cross which in itself to them was naught of worth,
Yet symbolized the all-atoning blood of Him
Whose name they bore, whose sufferings they shared,—

And more distinctive still, and more exalted far
Than even this soul-cheering, comprehensive faith
In Jesus' power and willingness to bless and save
The lowest fallen as the noblest child of earth
Was that peculiar tenet called "*Assurance full,*"
Or, "Witness of the Spirit Holy with man's own
That he is born of God," made rightful heir of Heaven,
Made sure of victory o'er all the foes to faith:
Enabled to proclaim in language bold and free
Experience of heavenly joys begun on earth:—
Experience of life eternal found in Christ;—
Experience of Jesus' power to heal and save;—
Experience of death to sin and life to God.
This language of assurance bold, and full of deep

Humility the while; of adamantine strength,
And yet of gentlest, all-persuading love and grace,
This language of *experience* of *conscious power*,
Was to that fearing, doubting, faltering, troubled age
A revelation full of soul-inspiring truth,
Of soulful vision-wid'ning truth that reached all hearts,
That swayed the masses as the mighty tempest sways
The sturdy forest pines, or gentle zephyr sways
The fields of golden grain on sloping plain or lea.
To *feel* the smart of sin; as, pierced by gospel truth
The inmost heart of man to inmost self was bared:
To feel himself a wretch undone, cast out e'en now
From God and heaven; then, catch a glimpse of pard'ning love
And hear it loud proclaimed "come hither soul where'er
Thou art, whoe'er, whate'er, and He will cleanse your sins";
And, coming thus to feel the load of sin and shame

Remove, and *know* himself a child of God in truth,
To feel and know all this was to become himself
A messenger of God,—ordained or unordained
By *human forms*, it mattered not; and thus there sprang
From feeble few, despised by devotees of pride,
And those who loved old creeds more ardently than God,
A loving, cheerful, mighty, consecrated host.
They cheerful are because of pardon free for all;
They mighty are, because all doubt has banished been,
And consecration's but another name for that
Most precious most exalted doctrine of our faith,
Which bids us look for deadness to *all* sin e'en here:
For purity of heart, for cleansing from all stains,
For love, by grace of God, unto perfection brought,
For *holiness*, the state of heart that's likest God.
This doctrine blesséd to their ardent faith-filled souls,
Was doctrine *baneful* to the formal moralist,

And envy's darts flew thick and fast athwart
the sky
Ecclesiastical, while green-eyed Jealousy
In self-inflicted horror sat, uplifting hands
In simulated frenzy, that poor worms of earth
Should claim redemption full, while yet the
vital spark
Within the breast of clay its habitation held.
In self-inflicted horror sat and prophesied
That out upon such *blatant, bold, blasphemous*
men,
Proclaiming holiness of heart in conscious life,
The dread Jehovah forth would pour the vials
of
His seven-fold-heated wrath, and sweep from
off the earth
A sect assuming to be meet for Heaven while
yet
On earth, because of freedom from all inbred
sin.
With scorn most bitter were these prophecies
of woe,
And threatenings of dreadful visitations dire
Set forth; till men of falt'ring faith had given
o'er.
But those glad-hearted sons of pure Arminian
birth,
Faith filléd souls to full assurance nobly grown,
Transforméd men,—alive to *God* and dead to
sin!

Unmovéd were by human scorn, or fiendish *hate;*
Undaunted were by wrath of men to Satan joined,
Undaunted were, and gladly marching on t'ward heaven,
Drew wand'ring men unto their joyous faith in Christ
As ne'er they had been *driven* by harshly stern commands.
For theirs a "gospel" was, a message glad to men;
The Son of God was ever sun and shield to them;
When all was gloom around 'twas light for them *above;*
When dangers *thickest* frowned protection mightiest proved,
And hills and valleys, woods primeval rang with shouts
Of new-born souls and consecrated heirs of heaven
Which, echoing through time, are borne e'en to our ears.

Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
Breaks the bands of death and woe,
Hallelujah! Jesus saves me,
Saves me from all sin below.

Hallelujah! Shout ye ransomed!
Tell of Jesus' power to save,
Look no longer on the earth life,
Shout your vict'ry o'er the grave.

Hallelujah! blessed Saviour!
Let all hearts with rapture thrill,
Souls of men once full of vileness
Jesus doth with *glory* fill.

Hallelujah! catch the echo,
Bright angelic hosts above,—
Sons of *earth* and sons of *heaven*
All may chant redeeming love.

Thus rang the shouts of ransomed men,
Thus flowed their songs of love;
While doubting minds were fixed on earth
Their minds were fixed above.

These doctrines grand, by Jesus giv'n,
By Wesley clearly taught,
In hearts of men, where'er they came.
Divinest wonders wrought.

And through the years that since have fled
Their power has greater grown,
The harvest been an hundred fold
From all the seed-corn sown.

"Beside all waters," saith the Word,—
Sow ye, in faith, the seed.
Beside all waters *we* have reaped,
His Word is truth indeed.

Behold the church of Christ full-crowned
This glad centennial hour
With hundred years of victory,—
And e'er increasing power.

Instead of four-score ministers,
Of hundred years ago,
And membership both weak and small,
Despised by pomp and show,—

Our Zion now her thousands claims
Of ministers ordained,
And other thousands, full of zeal,
In local ranks far-famed,—

With membership by millions told,
In wealth unmatched by few,
In education far advanced,
In vigor ever new.

We look around upon this host,
O'er all the world outspread;
Beholding what our God hath wrought,
And stand with bowéd head.

For, added strength gives added power,
And God demands return:—
All sluggards from the home above
He will forever spurn.

The church by heroism grand
Was nurtured into life,
Her early sons were bred to toil,
And shrank not from the strife:—

By heroism even yet
Fresh vict'ries she must win.
To shrink from danger, or love ease,
Brings guilt of conscious sin.

To rest in pride o'er conquests made,
While yet one sinner lost
Still wanders in the maze of death,
Unwarned of its dread cost,—

Is to bring down upon our heads
The curse of heaven's King,—
To tarnish all our glories won,
And shame upon us bring.

Those doctrines old, which multitudes
Unto conversion brought,
She must proclaim in all their power
As when the fathers taught.

For woe betide the church of God
When, to the world conformed,
Her doctrines stripped of searching power,
Here just behests are scorned.

And scornéd will they surely be—
If e'er the day shall rise,
When man must *ask* his brother man
Which life he most doth prize;—

If e'er the shameful sight be seen,
Of men as watchmen placed,
Neglecting ev'ry warning word
'Gainst holy law disgraced,—

Withholding mention of God's wrath
'Gainst sinful lives decreed,
Ignoring fundamental truth,
Lest worldly hearts should bleed.

But if our Zion in her strength
The humble poor still seeks,
Unto the lowly as the great
Her words of kindness speaks,—

If to her doctrines old and grand
She clings with courage true,
The century we close today
To usher in the new—

Will far surpassed in grandeur be,
As passing years roll round,—
Her sons proclaiming gospel grace
To Earth's remotest bound.

Her mission is sublimely great!
Her day the day of power!
The horologe of churchly life
Ne'er struck such priceless hour.

The times are ripe! the nations bow.
God's word is fresher grown,
As scripture leaves like pollen seeds
On ev'ry breeze are blown.

The times are ripe! Jehovah speaks
The voice that wakes the dead,
Pronounces benedictions rare
On zeal to knowledge wed.

The times are ripe! let ev'ry soul
From lethargy awake,
Put on the panoply of God,
Full self-surrender make.

The times are ripe! God's harvests wave
O'er ev'ry hill and plain:
Go forth, ye reapers of the Lord,
Secure the golden grain.

The sheaves ye gather for the Lord
Shall garnered be above,
To-day the sweat of brain and heart,
To-morrow heaven's love.

O! who can linger idly by
In this unequaled hour?
O! who would not lay hold by faith
On Jesus' offered power?

Unmeasured are His promises;
All boundless is His grace:
Then who shall fear the hosts of sin,
Or Satan's rage to face?

Come on, ye ransomed hosts of God!
Our Leader bids us rise.
Fear not the loss or hardship here
Our treasure's in the skies!

TO C. D. AND MILLIE C.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

We greet you here with gladsome cheer,
This anniversary night:
Fond mem'ry weaves bright laurel leaves,
To strew your pathway bright.
Full twenty years, as now appears
The record of your life,
A score of years with but few tears,
Since you've been "man and wife."

What visions rise before your eyes,
As backward now ye gaze
Upon the days, when, all ablaze
Your hearts were in a maze;
Of blithesome hours when Calvin's powers
Were put to fullest test
In winning Millie for his bride,
The girl he loved the best.

We hear thee there with pledge so fair
Avowing deathless love
For her whose "no" would seal thy woe,
Whose "yes" would lift above
All toils of Earth and bring the worth
Of Heaven to thy soul.
Yea!—fill thy days with ardent praise,
While lengthening years should roll.

We see the blush, the happy flush
On winsome fair young face:
We hear the word *our* hearts once stirred,
And see the fond embrace:
Behold your joy without alloy,
Two hearts in perfect peace,
A life begun, two hearts made one,
In bonds that never cease.
That happy bond 'tween hearts so fond,
Grown stronger through the years,
Proclaims a love born from above,
A love that nothing fears.
The pen of Time may write the line
That marks the noon of life;
The stress of care, and toil, and wear,
The world's unfriendly strife
E'er checks the flood of youthful blood,
Subdues the inner fires;
Though richer joys no time alloys.
The better life aspires
To loftier height, to purer light,
To deeds of fadeless worth,
To queenly grace on mother's face,
To joys above this earth.

The day of birth, the wedding mirth,
The Easter season bright,
Unite us here to give you cheer

This Anniversary night:
Rejoicing all, both great and small,
In your increasing joys,
Your sturdy health, your growing wealth,
Your noble, manly boys.

May Heaven's smile be yours the while
The years shall swiftly roll:
May all your days be filled with praise,
Till ye shall reach the goal,—
The home prepared for all who've shared
In service for our King,—
The home above where all is love,
The home of which we sing.

A CHEER FOR OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

October woods are flecked with gold,
October days are chill,
And when our fellows play football
They do it with a will.

Our boys are strong, our girls are fair,
Our High School ranks A-1,
The men who beat our football team
Must weigh at least a ton.